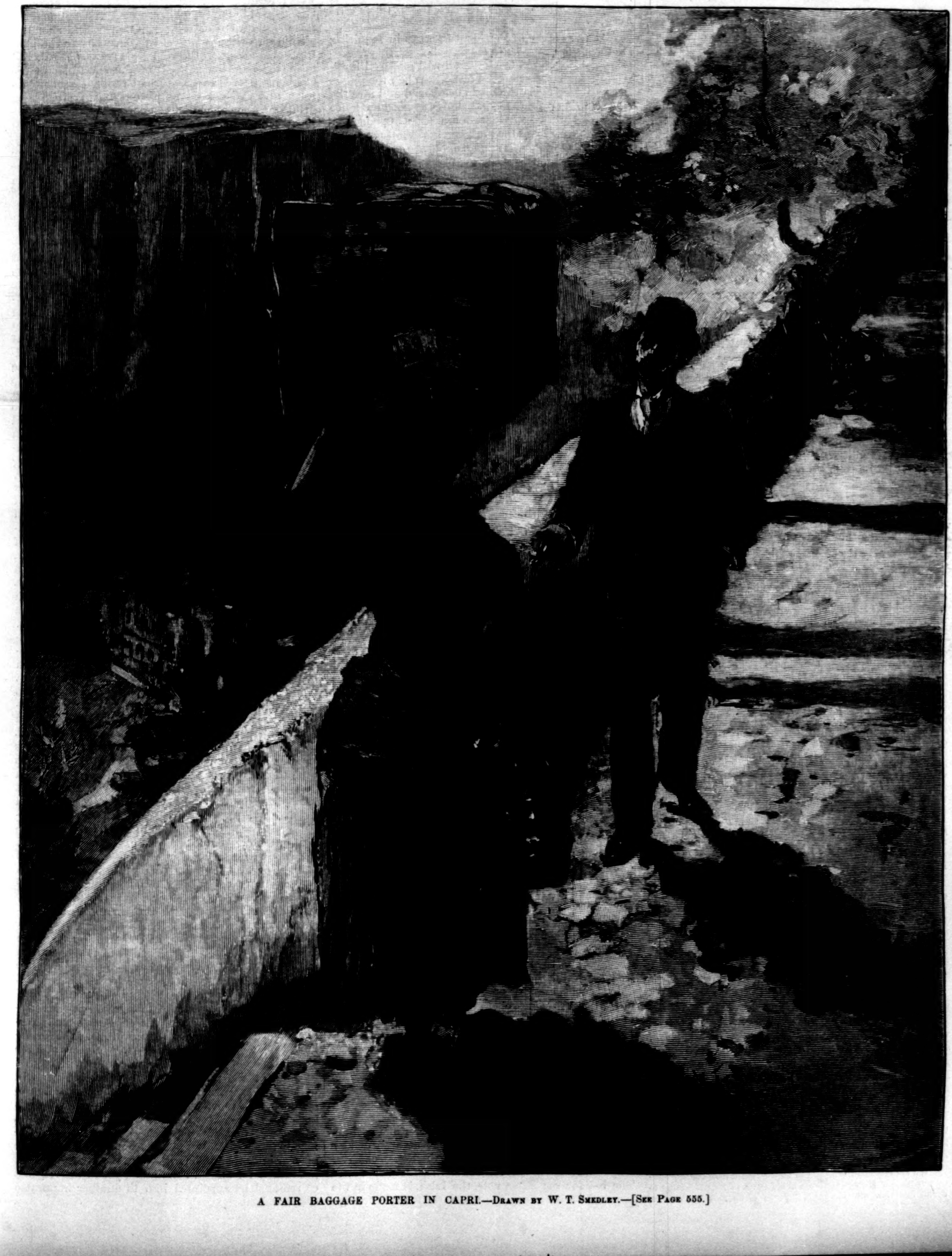
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1699.
Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



A FAIR BAGGAGE PORTER IN CAPRI.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

MISS WOOLSON'S NOVELS.

ANNE. A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 25.

It proves the author's right to stand without question at the head of American women novelists.—New York Tribune.

FOR THE MAJOR. A Novelette. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Illustrated. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00.

Some very delightful touches justify those who see many points of analogy between Miss Woolson and the late George Eliot.—New York Times.

EAST ANGELS. A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 25.

A perfectly sustained and powerful work of fiction.—Independent, New York.

RODMAN THE KEEPER. Southern Sketches. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00.

These stories exhibit that unique charm of style and subject which stamped Miss Woolson's earliest work as perfect of its kind.—Critic, New York.

CASTLE NOWHERE. Lake-Country Sketches. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00.

Nine stories, grave, gay, and pathetic, touched with that inimitable power which marks Miss Woolson.—Boston Traveller.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.* HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

No. 1699.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

AGGRESSIVE REFORM.

THE allegation that civil service reform is in a state of syncope is hardly sustained by the facts. Its official representatives were never so aggressive and positive as now. General SICKLES is the president of the New York Commission. He is a Democrat, and not exactly a sentimentalist or a doctrinaire. The law makes it the duty of the Mayors of cities in this State to introduce the reformed system of appointments in municipal administration, and observing that some of them disregarded the mandate of the law, President SICKLES invited them to Albany to explain. The Mayors of Hudson, Jamestown, Dunkirk, and Lockport appeared. The *Herald* thus describes the interview with President SICKLES:

> "All cursed in a chorus in the corridors, but put on a contrite countenance and pleaded ignorance of the law before the Commission. Mayor OLIVER [of Lockport], however, proved a Tartar, and roused the wrath of General SICKLES to boiling-point before the close of the admonitory session. General SICKLES fairly gasped for breath at the Mayor's audacity. 'What is this all about, anyhow?' asked Mr. OLIVER, after he had answered a few of the questions. 'We want to know whether you propose to carry out the law or not,' replied General SICKLES. 'No, I don't,' answered Mayor OLIVER, briskly. 'It's no good, anyhow; it's a fraud from beginning to end. It only keeps a man from putting in somebody he wants, and makes him put in somebody he don't want. We don't want it; we don't need it; and we won't have it unless we are forced to.' 'What's that?' roared General SICKLES. 'Don't you know you took an oath to enforce the laws of the State?' 'Not that law,' responded the Mayor. 'There ought not to be any such law on the books. It's a nuisance, no matter how you look at it.' 'I don't want your ideas, but your intentions in respect to this law,' interrupted General SICKLES. 'You have violated the statute giving preference to veterans.' 'They are first-class suckers, and I won't give them a place anyway,' broke in Mayor OLIVER. In a few minutes which followed this outburst, General SICKLES laid down the law to the belligerent ruler of Lockport in a manner that fairly frightened the audience which had gathered during the interim. Finally, pausing for breath, he concluded: 'If I were not a State officer I would knock you over the head with my crutch, you ignorant, impudent ass.' The crutch passed unpleasantly near the Mayor's head as the General waved it in his wrath, and the Lockport brave made his escape hastily, and the meeting adjourned."

This was not in the least sentimental, but the blow of the crutch was not necessary to aid the tone and words of President SICKLES to convince the astounded Mayor that the civil service law is a statute of the State binding upon him, and that his further refusal to obey it would be punished by the same authority that made the law. While the President of the New York Commission was thus demonstrating that he was not a puppet, nor the law of the State a mere pretence and trick, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of the National Commission, was engaged in the same good work. The Collector of Port Huron, in Michigan, asked authority to hold a competitive examination for certain appointments. Mr. ROOSEVELT is as good a Republican as President SICKLES a Democrat, and no less aggressive and resolute in official action. The Commission had heard that the Collector at Port Huron was of the opinion of the Mayor of Lockport that the law was a nuisance and a humbug, and the request was for the present refused. Mr. ROOSEVELT on behalf of the Commission said:

> "We are especially reluctant to do this, but it is in consequence of an article which has appeared in a Detroit paper, purporting to be an interview with Mr. GEER, Collector of Customs at Port Huron. As far as we know, this interview has not yet been repudiated. In it Mr. GEER is reported as strenuously condemning the civil service law, and stating his belief that the proper theory to adopt in the management of his office is that implied in the old adage, 'To the victors belong the spoils.' Mr. GEER being an appointive officer of the Custom-house, whose duty it is to administer the law which he thus condemns, his expressions render it especially incumbent upon the Commissioners to see that no chance whatever is given for an evasion of the law. The Commission have, of course, no control over the expression of any public officer, but they intend to make it their particular duty to prevent any administration of the law in accordance with the theories enunciated by Mr. GEER. They will tolerate no violation and no evasion of the statute. The examinations are open to all, Democrats and Republicans alike. All can apply who choose. All those applying in proper form will be examined and marked with positive impartiality, and will be certified in their order to the appointing officer. This statement is to be considered as an authoritative statement of the position of the Commission. The statements of the kind attributed to Mr. GEER have the effect of keeping Democratic applicants from applying for the competitive examination in the classified service. We wish to show them that the Commission will take good care to see that Mr. GEER's words remain words only, and do not crystallize into deeds."

Like the action of President SICKLES in requiring the New York Mayors to observe the law, this resolution of the National Commission will greatly illuminate the public and official mind. When the public see that the law was made to be obeyed and must be obeyed, and that a Democrat stands as good a chance to succeed in the examination and to be appointed as a Republican, one of the most persistent misapprehensions will be removed, and an immense gain secured for reform. Precisely the qualities shown by President SICKLES and Commissioner ROOSEVELT are indispensable to this end, although the actual whack of the crutch may be spared. "Clear official grit" and aggressive resolution to enforce the law will wonderfully advance the interests of reform, and the country is greatly indebted to the two officers in question. Trading and professional politicians have always felt that the law was a mere sop to the "better element," and was not intended to be executed. This was also the view of some of the officers to whom its execution has been committed. Such officers have evaded it in every ingenious way, and have confirmed the incredulity among applicants of its honest enforcement. Republicans have believed that Democrats were sure to be preferred under Democratic administration, and *vicè versa*. The National Commission proposes to demonstrate the fallacy of this view, and to secure the honest enforcement of the law. In this determination they can count upon the cordial support of all honest citizens. This support may be needed, for it is not impossible that the conviction that the law is to be honestly enforced will lead to a strong effort for its repeal or modification. This should be met in the spirit of Mr. ROOSEVELT. There should be no "diplomacy," no attempt at "conciliation," with those who favor the maintenance of the outrageous abuse of treating the service of the people as the loot and prize and property of a successful party. Mr. ROOSEVELT has done much excellent public service, but none better than that in which he is now engaged.

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN IN OHIO.

THE political campaign of the year opened in Ohio by the action of the Republican Convention. It was an event of peculiar interest as the first important demonstration of the administration party since its return to power. But that its action was inspiriting or auspicious, no honest Republican would assert. The three able and chief Republican leaders in Ohio are Senator SHERMAN and Messrs. BUTTERWORTH and MCKINLEY. They were all opposed to the renomination of Governor FORAKER, but Governor FORAKER was renominated. Whatever may be his private virtues, as a public man he is merely an extravagant partisan of the Corporal TANNER school. His apparent aim is to produce a sensation by outdoing the party violence and folly of the most reckless stump ranters, and that, as against the wishes of the Republicans we have mentioned, he should be enthusiastically selected as the representative of Ohio Republicanism, is a very significant fact. As the New York *Tribune* truly remarks, the platform matches the candidate. Its important points are the declarations for protection and for a general service pension, the extraordinary bid for the Irish vote in specifically praising the appointment of PATRICK EGAN, and the absolute silence in regard to civil service reform. This is what is now called Republicanism in Ohio.

The declaration for protection, although not in accord with the views of original Republican leaders, is the present platform of the party. But the demand for a general service pension is a new departure. It is not a pension for wounds, illness, or disability, or even poverty, but for service only, to be paid to the vigorous and prosperous as well as to the disabled. It would consume the surplus and stimulate even an increased tariff, while it would suspend all enterprises looking to national defences, and degrade the generous and noble instincts of unselfish patriotism. This it would do, not because of any necessity or obligation, or even as national charity, but simply as a bid to secure the "soldier vote." The bid for the other vote, the Irish, is made in the form of commending the appointment as a foreign Minister of the United States of a newly naturalized Irish agitator, whose sole political interest, so far as appears, is the contest of Ireland with England. This is the only appointment of the administration which is praised, and this appointment is intended to conciliate, among others, the members of a secret club of foreigners organized to take part in foreign politics, and now implicated in murder in pursuance of its ends.

While the Ohio Republican Convention thinks fit to make these declarations as illustrating the Republican principles, policy, and spirit of to-day, it carefully and contemptuously omits any allusion to the question of civil service reform, upon which the national platform of last year made so trenchant a declaration. In Ohio, it appears, profuse adulation of Irish dynamiters is good Republicanism, but civil service reform is not. It was stated in the accounts that Mr. MCKINLEY, who reported the national reform declaration of 1884 and 1888, would submit a resolution of the same general character to the platform committee. If he did so it was rejected, and even the amusing remark of the chairman of the Convention that the party had pledged itself to reform and would keep its pledge, was received with grim impatience. This is the opening of the Republican campaign for 1889. That there are hosts of honest Republicans disgusted with such a party manifesto is unquestionable. But if a party be an agency to promote the public welfare, would it be better for the Republicans to succeed or to be defeated upon such a platform?

TRUTH OR GOOD-NATURE?

WHEN a famous orator was denounced as inhuman and malignant for criticising severely the conduct of a public man who had been dead for many years, he replied to his censors, "If the lapse of a few years is to make forgetfulness of evil-doing a duty, I have offended; but if it be a duty to prevent evil-doing, you are the offenders." One of the most powerful incentives to upright living and to the honest discharge of public duty is the certainty that weakness or cowardice or carelessness or selfishness or venality in the discharge of such duty will cover the memory of the offender with odium. If the treatment of public men during their lives is often bitterly unjust to them, the treatment of them after their death is often a signal injustice to the community and to public morals. In the height of TWEED's success, when he was triumphantly stealing the public money and corrupting public life, the tons of coal that he gave to the poor, and the pretty plots of flowers in the City Hall Park and the Battery, led many a man to say, "Well, old TWEED may be a thief, but he has a good heart." Such shrewd little tricks appealing to universal good-nature led to the shallow and reckless condoning of great crimes against the community. There was a vague feeling that the coal and the flowers proved a certain goodness of heart upon TWEED's part. But it was forgotten that the money which paid for them was stolen, and that it was spent, not for the purpose of relieving suffering, but to facilitate further stealing.

The orator to whom we alluded laid down a fundamental principle of public duty. Plain speech in regard to official conduct is as much a moral obligation of the press as honest administration of his trust of a public officer. Yet such plain speech and censure are often denounced as detraction and a serious public injury because discrediting public life. Falsehood and slander are deserving of that denunciation. But that is not its intention. The denunciation implies that all such comment upon public men and life is false and slanderous. As uttered by many public men it has the purpose of TWEED's coal and flowers. It is intended, by charge of slander, to divert attention from fraud. A newspaper calls attention to something "shady" or "crooked" in the course of a Senator or a Representative or an executive officer, and thereupon we are told that the campaign of mud has opened, or that the statement is a secret stab, or a base calumny, or jealousy, or the detraction that always dogs public men. But this is a retort merely, not a denial. It is the discoloration of the water, presumably to facilitate escape.

The newspapers which, in commenting upon the late death of SIMON CAMERON, have told the truth of his career have performed a more patriotic public service than those which have celebrated his political smartness and unscrupulousness and pecuniary success. The latter have aided to debauch public sentiment, which certainly needs no encouragement to accept such success as the chief prize of life. The former have shown that whatever the lapse of years and the peacefulness of declining life, the truth will be told at last, and the pure ideals of public character will be vindicated. Yet how strong is the temptation to conceal and distort public wrong in high places is shown by the fact mentioned by the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, that although President LINCOLN summarily removed Mr. CAMERON from the Secretaryship of War after the public censure of the House in 1862, practically for official corruption, yet in the very act of removal he appointed him to another honorable office, and subsequently permitted the preparation and publication of a correspondence which conceded the fact of the removal, and substituted for dismissal for the highest cause a voluntary resignation. Mr. Lincoln's good-nature was infinite and the national situation was perilous, but this incident seems to us the most to be regretted in his whole career.

THE AXE AMONG TREES.

In an article upon a seasonable topic, the thinning of trees in a public park or other artistic grounds, *Garden and Forest* mentions in passing a truth which is exceedingly suggestive, the American indifference to technical knowledge, except in industrial or immediately money-making pursuits. The source of the indifference is evident. If, as our institutions and traditions assume, any branch of public duty may be assumed by anybody at a moment's notice, as was wittily said of Lord John Russell, respect for special training will certainly be in danger of declining among us. Rev. Dr. Storrs recently resigned, very properly, his position as Park Commissioner in Brooklyn upon ascertaining that the taste and knowledge of the Commission have no authority to enforce themselves, and that the Commission did not really control the work for which it was responsible. One great advantage of the presence of a man like Dr. Storrs in an important public office of the kind is that his action, with the plain statement of his reasons, has resulted promptly in such modifications of the system that he has been reappointed. It should seem that our common-sense, upon which we not unreasonably pride ourselves, would suggest that works of art should be intrusted to artists, and the management of public works requiring taste and intelligence to citizens who are possessed of such qualifications.

Private owners and Park Commissioners may consult with great profit a recent report upon the use of the axe in plantations of trees. The occasion of the report is an illustration of the general feeling that a park may be managed without specific knowledge or training. The public was of opinion that the axe was used too freely in the Park, and was evidently inclined to the belief that any tree cutting is a wrong to be promptly arrested. This feeling should not have existed in regard to any great park, for the reason that it should have been known that the axe was under the control of perfectly qualified judges, and that when the axe fell it was because it ought to fall, whether or not at the moment the uninstructed citizen perceived the reason. A controversy having arisen, the question was referred to two experts, one the most accomplished authority upon the subject in the country, Mr. Olmsted, and the other Mr. Harrison, the secretary of the American Forestry Congress.

Their report is brief, interesting, and conclusive. Their judgment in substance is that the public opposition to the tree-thinning axe is mistaken, and that its wise and liberal use is indispensable to the beauty and true purposes of a public park. The report is enriched with the opinions of all the chief authorities in sylviculture except Evelyn. He wrote especially with a view to the growth of trees to repair "the wooden walls" of England, the supply of which had suffered in the civil wars. But his directions to foster the growth of fine trees are strictly pertinent to the question of sylvan effects which are sought in a park. "When you espy a cluster of plants growing as it were all in a bunch, it shall suffice that you preserve the fairest sapling, cutting all the rest away. And if it chance to be a chess-nut, service, or like profitable tree, clear it from the droppings and incumbrances of other trees that it may thrive the better." This is the principle which underlies the report. The moral is, do not fear the axe. The lesson of wisdom and experience is, as Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux say, that when the axe is not used the presumption is of unfeeling or ignorant management. It follows that since the axe ought to be used it must be used wisely, and a wise use can be secured not by a majority vote of a political board, but by the counsel of experts. Even if anybody is fit to be a postmaster, everybody is not fit to direct a great work of landscape art.

A PUBLIC LOSS.

The retirement of Mr. E. O. Graves from the head of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington is a serious public loss. Mr. Graves belonged to that class of public officers of which the late Postmaster Pearson and Naval Officer Burt are conspicuous examples: men of the highest character, of especial knowledge and trained ability, who have an experience and familiarity with the business which are invaluable, and which in the public service of wiser nations are retained for the public benefit.

Under Mr. Graves's control the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, like the Post-office under Mr. Pearson and the Naval Office under Mr. Burt, have been conclusive illustrations of the simplicity, practicability, and efficiency of the reformed system. Of this system they were among the earliest and most intelligent friends, and its successful initiation and operation were very largely due to their skilled knowledge and sincere interest. The abuses of the spoils system were nowhere more flagrant than in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and Secretary Sherman made Mr. Graves chairman of a committee of investigation of its management. His report was a clear exposition of the waste and demoralization consequent upon the practice of creating places to be filled by the political or personal parasites of members of Congress.

Mr. Graves was appointed to the office by President Cleveland, and under his control it became one of the model offices of administration. In submitting his resignation Mr. Graves briefly recounted some of the beneficial changes accomplished in the bureau:

> "Among these changes have been the securing of specific appropriations under proper heads for the support of the bureau, in the place of the loose and indefinite system of appropriation that formerly prevailed; the discharge of superfluous employés and the doing away with unnecessary places; the adoption of a just system of promotion; the classification of the employés in regular grades, with fixed annual salaries arranged according to the importance and responsibility of their duties and their individual efficiency; and finally, the placing of the great body of the employés under the protection and beneficent influence of the civil service regulations."

His letter recounts the details of these and other changes, and it is a very instructive document. That the public service loses such trained intelligence and ability, not because its possessor is a party politician, but because he is not, is a striking illustration of the folly which will seem incredible to another generation.

MR. LINCOLN'S RENOMINATION.

The Hay and Nicolay history of Mr. Lincoln and the war recently described the circumstances of Mr. Chase's proposed resignation of the Treasury at the time of the failure of the Senatorial movement against Mr. Seward, and also his course in regard to the Presidential nomination. The Boston *Herald*, in commenting upon the biography, doubts whether the efforts of Mr. Chase to secure the nomination fall properly within the range of a life of Lincoln, and insists that if they do the biographers were bound to tell the story of Mr. Lincoln's endeavors to secure a renomination, the *Herald* holding that Mr. Lincoln was a very shrewd politician, and that he undoubtedly interested himself, not improperly, in the work of the Convention.

In further elucidation of the election of 1864, the *Sun* recently published some letters of various conspicuous Republicans after the nomination of that year, revealing a strong conviction of the unavailability of Mr. Lincoln. The Fremont nomination and the Chase movement in the same year, like the attempt to drive Mr. Seward from the cabinet, were all illustrations of this feeling which is familiar to those who recall those days. There was an ardent body of Republicans who thought Mr. Lincoln too deliberate and too slow. But those of them who survive would now undoubtedly agree that Mr. Lincoln was wiser than they, and that to put him aside would have been to risk the good cause, as the success of the Gates and Conway cabal to supersede Washington in command of the Revolutionary army would have been a disastrous error.

The Hay and Nicolay history shows more clearly and connectedly than it has yet been shown the greatness of Lincoln in the general conduct of the war. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his eulogy upon Seward before the New York Legislature, virtually claims for the Secretary of State the direction of affairs during the contest. This claim has been disposed of by the irrefragable proof furnished by the biography. The clearer the details, the more manifest is Mr. Lincoln's remarkable ability. The *Times* well points out that neither Mr. Chase nor the leaders whose letters are published by the *Sun* seemed to comprehend the fact which was the key of the whole situation—the profound popular confidence in "honest Abe Lincoln." It was a trust which in such a tremendous exigency overbore both the schemes of politicians and the honest apprehensions of upright statesmen. The popular conviction that it might be fatal, according to one of Lincoln's most familiar stories, to swap horses in the midst of the stream, was universal, and his renomination was never seriously contested. The life of Mr. Lincoln which is now publishing when completed and issued as a book will undoubtedly produce considerable controversy. But its value as an important contribution to the history of the civil war will not be questioned.

A NEW COLLEGE OF THE PROPAGANDA.

There is a general and peculiar interest in the organization of the new Roman Catholic university in Washington which attaches to none other in the country. It is that its primary object is sectarian and not educational. It is designed to be a nursery and seminary of the Roman Catholic view of Christianity and of the Church, and not an institution in which literature and science are to be studied with reference solely to truth, and not to the power of an ecclesiastical hierarchy. The question of the nationality of the professors becomes, therefore, a subject of importance.

When Mr. Jefferson founded the University of Virginia he sent an agent to Europe to invite eminent scholars to become professors. Their religious views were unimportant if they were masters of their various branches of study. This is the normal principle of a sound scholarly foundation. But it is now stated in a letter to the New York *Times* that the Pope is exceedingly anxious that foreign clergymen shall be appointed to chairs in the new Washington University. This interest in American education would be very pleasing if it existed. But the Pope's anxiety is not for our education, but for our conversion. He desires the university to be a college of the Propaganda, the base of Papal operations in this country.

Doubtless his Holiness thinks that our colleges are as godless as our schools. But his view of the remedy is that of an Italian priest, not of an American statesman. He holds that the commands of the Vatican in Rome ought to prevail over the laws of Congress at Washington, and to secure so far as possible the teaching of this doctrine in the new university he would appoint foreign teachers who believe it. In a letter about two months ago to the Primate of Bavaria the Pope says that Christ has provided for the preference of the decisions of the Church, by which he means the Roman Church, over laws made by the civil power. This is a tolerably comprehensive rule, and very pleasant for the head of the Church, whose mandates are to set aside the laws of the land made by the people. Our present purpose is to extend public knowledge of this view of the Pope, who is so anxious that the professors in the new university should be foreigners, who would hold his view, and would be his servants. That the arrangement would be advantageous to the Vatican is clear, but it is equally clear that it would not be advantageous to America.

THE M^cDOW MURDER.

The acquittal of Dr. McDow for the murder of Colonel Dawson, the editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, is a surprising incident, revealing an extraordinary condition of public feeling. Dr. McDow does not deny that he was plotting the ruin of a young Swiss girl who lived in Colonel Dawson's family, and he speaks of her in a ribald tone which is incredible as that of a sane man in his situation. Colonel Dawson called at Dr. McDow's office to remonstrate with him, and McDow killed him. His statement is that he shot him in self-defense, and a colored coachman testifies that he heard McDow say as much to Dawson after the shot. This is the only confirmation of McDow's story.

The significant fact is not that there was some doubt in the mind of some of the jury, but that the acquittal was unanimous, and that it was followed by demonstrations of regard and respect. In any civilized community the sudden killing of one man by another under such circumstances is the gravest of events. But in this case the homicide itself seems to have been regarded as unimportant. But when the slayer acknowledges the infamous offence which produced the altercation, and, despite this confession and the homicide, he is still honored as a hero and acknowledged as a gentleman, and we are told that he is of "good family," or "well connected," as if that fact did not make the whole affair more amazing, it is impossible not to wonder what kind of standards of manliness and conduct prevail in such a community, or how it excuses itself to the decent sentiments of mankind.

The *Evening Post* suggests that in South Carolina homicide is held to be venial if not committed for gain. If such a theory be true, South Carolina goes far to justify all that has been said of the barbarism which still prevails in the State. Undoubtedly the crime which McDow confessed, one of the basest of which human nature is capable, is unhappily not confined to any part of the country. Such wrongs are known everywhere. But nowhere else in the country is it a title to honor to plan the dishonor of a young and defenseless woman in a dependent station, and to shoot the man who, with the instinct of an honest man and a gentleman, protests. This is a state of sentiment which degrades the entire community in which it exists, wherever it may be, and which should certainly startle every generous and true-hearted gentleman in it.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Alice Ferris, a sister of Mayor Chapin of Brooklyn, has made her début on the stage of the Globe Theatre in London. She hired the theatre and equipped the company herself. Her success is said to have been moderate.

—Stanley's hair has turned white under the privations which he has suffered in his African explorations.

—Walt Whitman writes to a friend that he is "easier and rather better these days," but still "a bad old wreck."

—The wife of Thomas C. Platt is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. She has taken negatives from Florida to Alaska, and is seldom unattended by her camera while on her travels.

—One of the saddest of recent occurrences was the death of Miss Mary A. Brigham in a railroad accident near New Haven, Connecticut. Long known as one of Brooklyn's most successful teachers, she last winter accepted the invitation to become the head of Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, as it passed on into the more extended sphere of a college. She was about fifty-five years old, and was coming back from Massachusetts to pay Brooklyn friends a farewell visit when she was killed.

—The Hamburg-American Company did a very commendable thing in making it possible, under specially favorable terms, for nearly four hundred teachers from all parts of the United States to enjoy an excursion to and through Europe and back. The party left New York June 29th, on the steamer *Suevia*, Captain Ludwig. Some will leave the ship at Southampton, run up to London, and then over to Paris to see the Exposition. The rest will go to Hamburg, and take in Germany on their way to France. Those who wish may make a year of it, the tickets being good for that length of time.

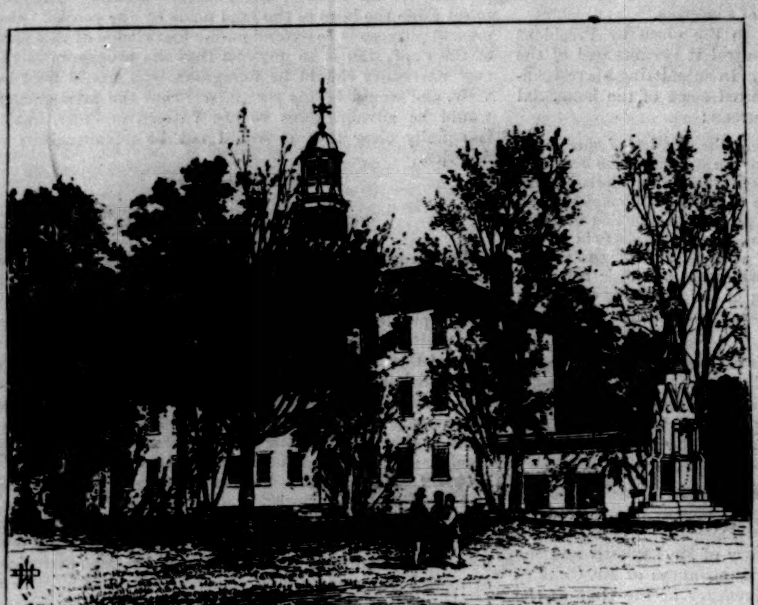
—Rev. Dr. Donald, Rector of the Church of the Ascension in this city, is a young man, but is too conservative an Episcopalian to believe in bowling-alleys, gymnasiums, billiard tables, kitchens, etc., as church adjuncts, which, he says, transform churches into "houses of amusement or clubs of physical comfort."

—The will of the late Baroness de Fahnenburg, formerly a St. Louis girl, who died several years ago at Nice, France, leaving a large property, is to be contested at Louisville, Kentucky. After providing for the building of a mortuary chapel at Spa, Belgium, to contain her own and the remains of her mother and brother, the baroness made a few small personal bequests, and left the rest of her estate for building and establishing at Lexington, Kentucky, a home for old white Protestant men and women and white Protestant children. The will was sustained in St. Louis, but the heirs-at-law wish to try their luck in Kentucky.

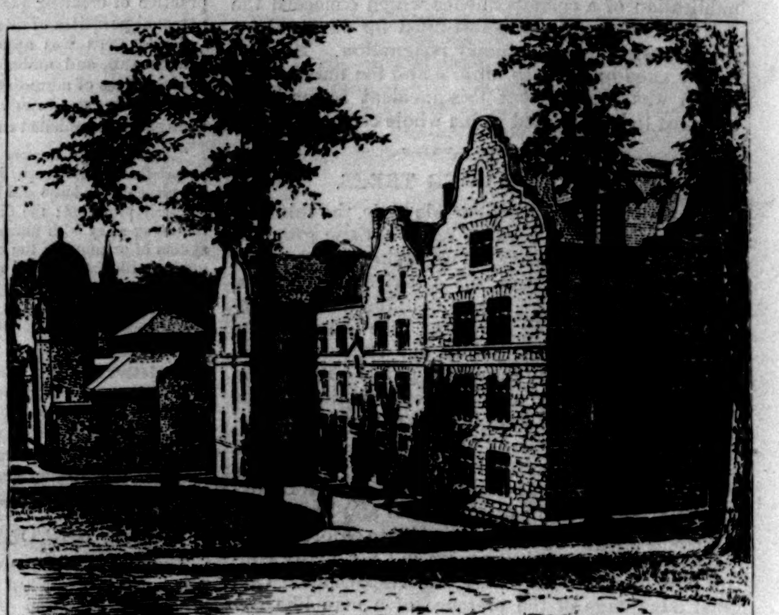
—William H. English, the Democratic nominee for Vice-President in 1880, is one of the richest men in Indiana. He owns nearly one thousand houses, besides other property, in Indianapolis. Just now he is employing his leisure in writing a history of his State.

—The late Abram Wakeman, of this city, was a leader in the antislavery movement, and one of the founders of the Republican party in this State. He was elected to Congress in 1856 as a representative of the Free-soil branch of the Whig party, but was afterward defeated by the Know-Nothing candidate. Under Lincoln he was made Postmaster of New York city, and then Surveyor of the Port.

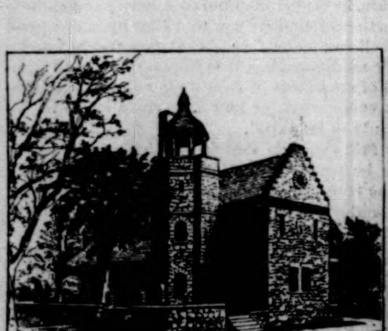
—John Hanks, a stanch friend and a distant relative of Abraham Lincoln, has just died at Decatur, Illinois, aged eighty-eight. He introduced the rail-splitting feature into the campaign of 1860, furnishing rails which Lincoln split on his farm when a young man. Hanks spent $17,000 in electing his friend President, although he had up to that time been a strong Democrat.



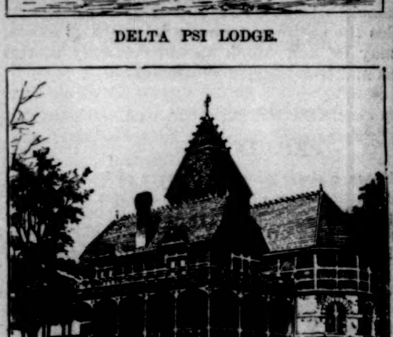
GRIFFIN HALL—NATURAL HISTORY ROOMS.



MORGAN HALL—DORMITORY.

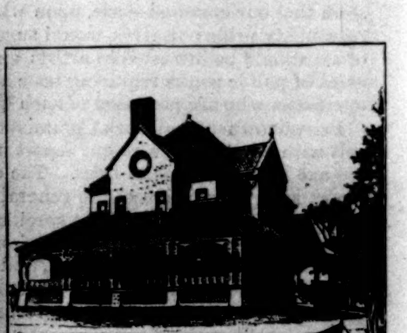


DELTA PSI LODGE.

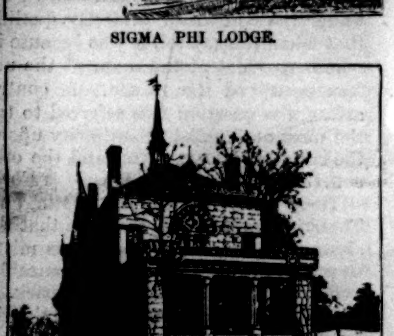


KAPPA ALPHA LODGE.

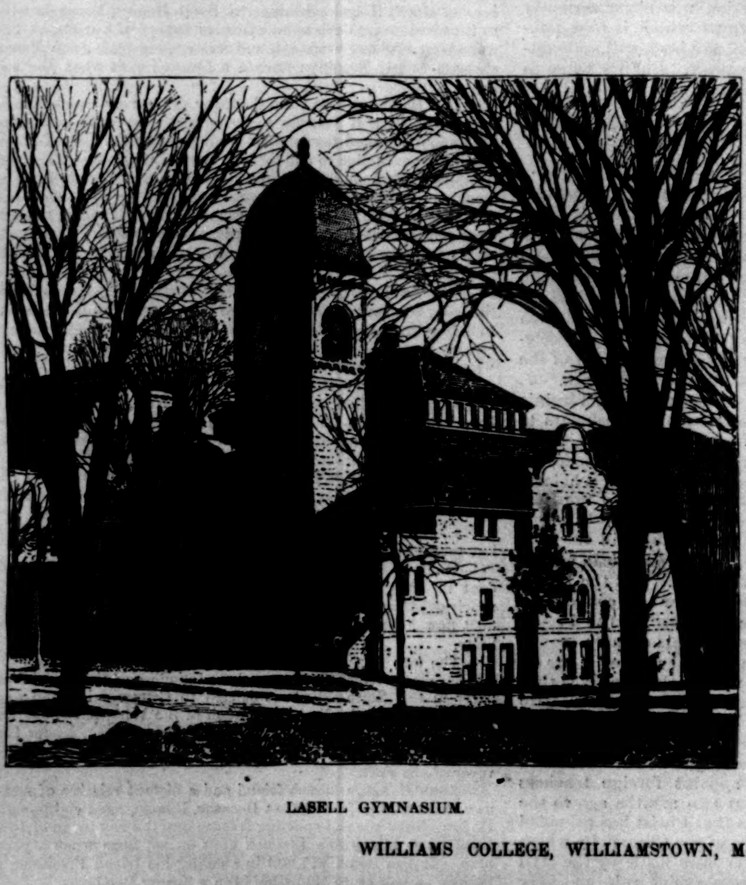
FRONT AND TRANSEPT OF NEW CHAPEL.



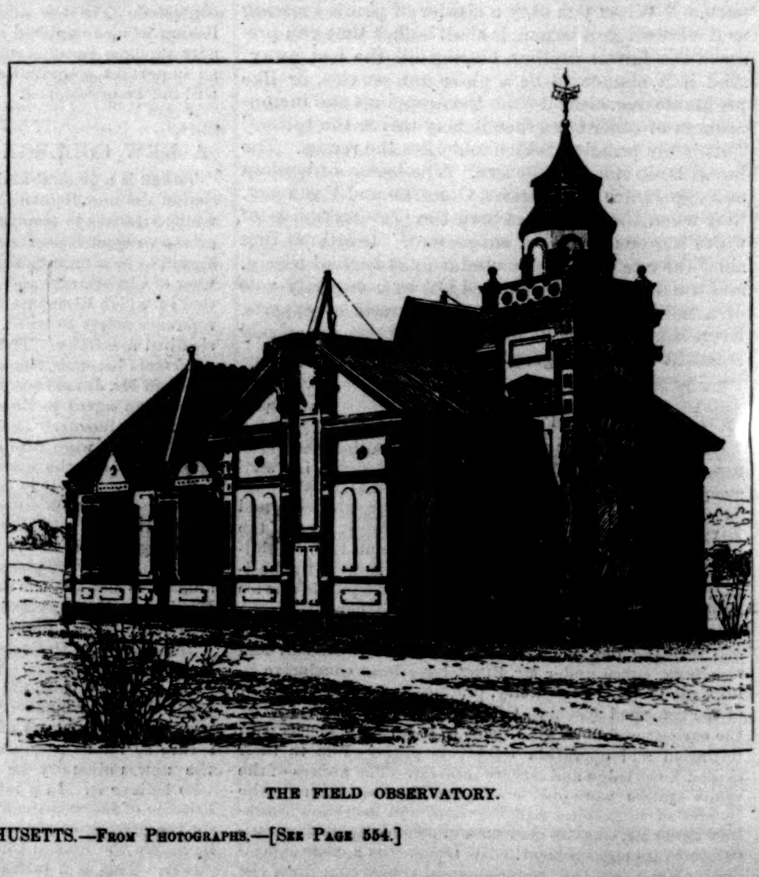
SIGMA PHI LODGE.



ALPHA DELTA PHI LODGE.

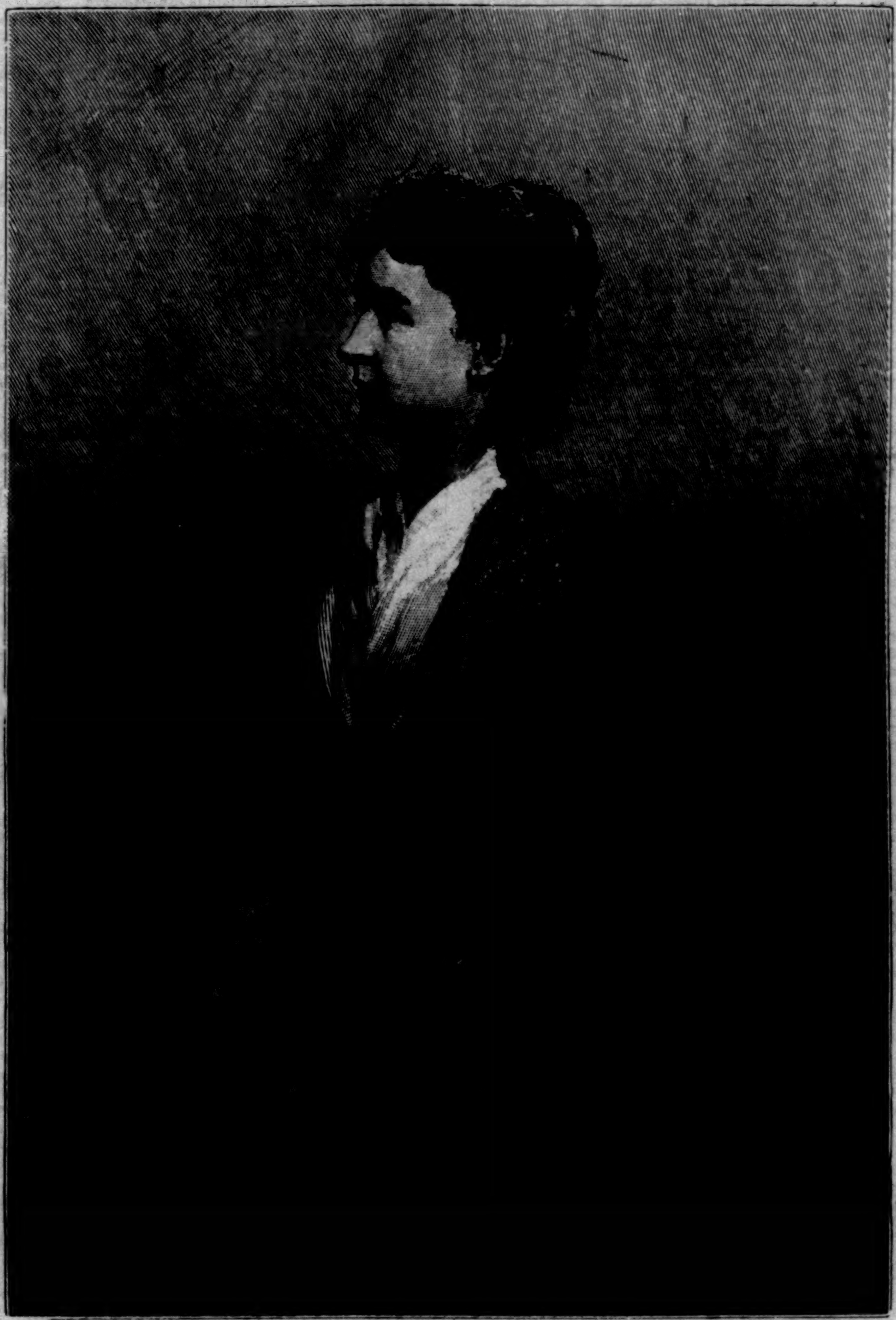


LASELL GYMNASIUM.



THE FIELD OBSERVATORY.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 554.]



MISS EMMA EAMES, THE NEW AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENGUE & CO., PARIS.

MISS EMMA EAMES.

THE début of Miss Emma Eames, the new American prima donna, has been literally the great event of the musical season in Paris this year. Within a few weeks her name has become famous, while her splendid voice and perfect method have established her artistic reputation on a basis of absolute solidity. Miss Eames is an artist who owes everything to her art and to her will, and nothing to intrigue, influence, or favoritism. The story of her life is as simple and radiant as the lady herself.

Miss Eames was born at Boston. Her mother, who is a distinguished amateur musician, was the first to discover that Emma was gifted with the rare treasure of a voice, and the first to train that voice with the care that it deserved. Then Mrs. Eames brought her daughter to Paris, and placed her in the hands of that distinguished teacher Madame Marchesi, in whose school she made very rapid progress. Thanks to her mother's intelligent care, her voice had never been deformed nor strained; it had no "holes" in it, to use a professional familiar term; it needed only to be developed and brought out. After a period of study at Madame Marchesi's school, Miss Eames, being ready to begin the great battle of her professional career, went to Brussels, hoping to make a début at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The opportunity did not present itself; several times Miss Eames might have made a début in an understudy, but the eminent director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, M. Gevaërt, dissuaded her. "You have a voice and talent," M. Gevaërt used to say to her, "to give you the first place in your profession: you must make your début as a prima donna and not otherwise. If you begin as an understudy you will remain an understudy."

The next experience was an engagement at $100 a month at the Opéra Comique at Paris. Month after month Miss Eames waited, learning now this opera and now that one, working all the time, and chafing with impatience, but no chance of singing was given her. Finally, after propositions had been made to her from the Grand Opéra, by dint of perseverance, earnest argument, and sheer power of will, Miss Eames obtained the cancelling of her contract at the Opéra Comique, and signed an engagement with the Grand Opéra, which was kept secret until the moment of her début. The circumstances of this début are doubtless fresh in the memory of our readers. Patti had created at the Opéra Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, and sang the rôle for a short season. Then, through protection and influence, a certain Mademoiselle Darclée sang the rôle of Juliette, but so badly that there was an outcry and a demand for a new Juliette. Then Miss Eames made her début, one of the most completely triumphant that we have seen. The freshness and power of her voice were only equalled by the excellence of her method and the extreme sensitiveness of her acting. As for her beauty, there was but one opinion: here, indeed, was the ideal Juliette. The next morning the critics were all enthusiastic in their praise, and Miss Eames was immediately adopted as a charming idol by the Parisian musical public.

In Miss Eames there are two distinct personages, the woman and the artist. The artist belongs to the public and to the theatre; the woman lives entirely aloof from the theatre, and all that is connected with the stage and things stagy. Our picture shows the woman, tall, slender, proportioned with the lilial elegance of Watteau's figures, very supple and lithe in all her movements, having in her presence and in her walk something of the imposing rhythm and flowing line of the suave maidens who animate Botticelli's frescoes. The head, on the other hand, is quite modern, both in the features and in the vivacity of the expression; it is a beautiful American head, fine, pure, and delicate in aspect, clean-cut like a cameo, and crowned with a wavy mass of crisp brown hair. Miss Eames's eyes are blue-gray; her complexion has the clearness and freshness of virginal youth; her expression, while full of will and strength of character, is still that of a maiden who might repeat every morning the prayer that the ancients used to address to Venus: "Grant that I may do nothing that is not agreeable, and say nothing that will give displeasure."

Miss Eames lives very modestly with her mother in a simple flat in the Rue Boissière. Her engagement at the Opéra, at present at least, is more glorious than remunerative—a phenomenon due to the inexperience of the débutante and to the smartness of the managers. Time, however, will soon modify this state of affairs. Miss Eames is about to make her second début, as Marguerite in *Faust*. She will then sing *Sigurd*, and next year she will create at Paris the rôle of Desdemona in Verdi's *Othello*. In Miss Eames's sitting-room are two photographs which she prizes very highly as souvenirs and landmarks in her young career. One is a photograph of the director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, with this inscription: "À Mlle. Eames, à qui il prédit le plus bel avenir, son affectueusement dévoué. Gevaërt. Mai, 1888." The other is a photograph of the author of *Faust*, with these words written upon it: "À ma charmante petite Juliette Eames. Ch. Gounod. 13 Mars, 1889. Début à l'Opéra."

THEODORE CHILD.

THE TAMMANY HALL OF TO-DAY.

FOR just a century has the Tammany Society of New York endured. Its celebration of the Fourth of July was this year its one-hundredth. For all that time it has been assailed, often vigorously, and its vitality has remained unimpaired. Originally instituted as a benevolent society for the democratic population as distinguished from the aristocratic or Federalist portion, it became Democratic in politics from the first, gained prominence in Jefferson's time, and has continued Democratic without wavering ever since. Nearly every one of the "platforms" of the Democracy has been framed within the walls of the society, and of those which were not, the inspiration has come from the same source.

The Tammany Society is not a political organization. It remains as it was started, a benevolent association, and singularly enough, its administration is the very opposite of democratic. Probably no one, excepting the treasurer and some few of the higher officers, knows what is in its treasury, or what aid is extended to any members who may become entitled to its benefits. No one seems to care, and the council does as it pleases, or rather acts according to its own judgment, without reporting details to the society at large. It was named, it is well known, after a tribe of Indians, and its officers are all called by Indian titles, while its members are all "braves."

As was said, however, it was democratic in its inception, and almost immediately its members began taking an active part in politics. Maintaining, as they always have, a meeting-place for the uses of the society, it was natural for them to use that place for political meetings, and thus sprang up a political organization, which took its name, not from the society, but from the hall where it met, and became known as the Tammany Hall Democracy. It has sometimes been said, not exactly in a friendly spirit, that this branch of the Democratic party owes its vitality largely to the fact that the Tammany Society always maintained a hall which the political workers were always welcome to use. Be this as it may, it is certain that almost every prominent Democrat in New York has at one time or another in his political career been identified with Tammany Hall, though factional differences have led many of them to leave it from time to time and establish or join other "halls" or branches of the party.

Probably the most serious embarrassment ever encountered by Tammany Hall was its long exclusion from the foremost position, just ended by the election of last year. To enumerate the causes of it would be to write a chapter of political history in which no two authorities would fully agree, and which would be set down as inaccurate by the generality of readers, no matter how it might be written. It is sufficient to say that power has been regained under leaders of a new generation. There is a new Tammany of to-day, and the people know it not. Tilden they knew; Tweed they knew; Kelly they knew; but not yet have they learned what Tammany Hall will be under the leadership of Croker and his chief supporters.

To understand the succession to the leadership of Tam-

HUGH J. GRANT, MAYOR OF NEW YORK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WENTWORTH & SON.

THOMAS F. GILROY, COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARVALHO.

RICHARD CROKER, CITY CHAMBERLAIN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EDSALL.

W. BOURKE COCKRAN, LAWYER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

THE "BIG FOUR" OF TAMMANY HALL.

many Hall, it is necessary to explain the manner in which the organization is carried on. It is no new plan, nor have there been, so far as I can learn, any very serious changes made in it since it was first established early in the history of the association. There is first a General Committee of something like twenty-five hundred members, comprising the most active workers in the association all over the city of New York. Membership in this committee is theoretically a matter of election at the primaries, but as a matter of fact no man is elected who is not approved by the district leaders. This position is easily attained by any energetic and capable man who is willing to devote himself to the political fortunes of Tammany Hall. This committee is organized by districts, there being, according to the system, twenty-five districts in the city. The Assembly districts below Harlem River and the Twenty-third and the Twenty-fourth wards each counts as a district. Over each District Committee a district leader is recognized, and these leaders compose the Committee of Twenty-five, who are, so long as they hold their positions, the rulers of the party. In Tweed's time he was the acknowledged ruler of all, but under Kelly's control all power was, according to his plan, vested in the Committee (then of twenty-four), and he ruled only by virtue of the following they gave him voluntarily. This later plan obtains to-day, and Mr. Croker is even more democratic than was Mr. Kelly, for while Kelly attended to political matters in his private office, sending hither and thither for such men as he wished to see, and expressing his wishes (virtually giving his orders) from that office, Mr. Croker does not assume even so much of the color of authority. He is careful always to maintain the position of an equal among the twenty-five, and to rule only by virtue of his personal influence.

Nevertheless, although Tweed was recognized as "Boss" of the party, and became actually "Boss" of the city, and although Croker assumes no higher position than district leader, the latter is the true successor of the former in the leadership of the party. It should be carefully noted that this does not imply any similarity in the methods or character of the two men.

After Kelly's death there was no recognized leader for a considerable time, and it may be said that his successor was never chosen. There was, however, a silent, self-contained man in the Committee of Twenty-four whose history comprised more than one triumph, and whose power and personal strength of character had more than once been recognized.

Judge George C. Barrett, of the Supreme Court, had recognized it. While he sat on the bench in the first term for which he was elected, a man of considerable prominence had been tried before him for murder. This man had been a Coroner of the city of New York, and had been noted for the utter fearlessness and disregard of favor with which he had discharged his duties. He had been a political leader in a district that was by no means conspicuous for the law-abiding character of its citizens, and his contempt for physical peril was a subject of admiring comment even among the "toughs" of the district. There had been a fight at election time, and he had been present. Pistols were discharged, and a man known to be his enemy was killed. It was said and denied that he did the killing, and he was indicted and tried for the murder. Public opinion was divided, and although he was acquitted in court, the stigma was slow to fade away.

In time Judge Barrett's term of office expired. He was nominated for re-election by Tammany Hall, and the very man, Richard Croker, whom he had tried for murder brought him the offer of renomination from Tammany Hall, and accepted in the name of Tammany Hall, as its accredited ambassador, the thanks of the Judge for the honor done him.

It is characteristic of the man who to-day wields such tremendous power as belongs to the actual head of this party to listen quietly, saying nothing, and making up his own mind, and then, when discussion is ended, to act with entire independence. I reported a case in his court once, when he was Coroner and before he was famous. An ignorant man of brutal instincts had been left temporarily in charge of a well-known charitable institution in the city which is supported by some of the wealthiest and best-known people of New York. The trustees were men of the very highest standing. The temporary superintendent was guilty of an act of gross cruelty which resulted in the death of one of the inmates, a poor unknown Italian child. At Coroner Croker's investigation the trustees, startled by the importance of the case, made every effort to have their employé exonerated, and several of them were present in court. Beyond a question they influenced the jury (not illegally, as by bribery) to bring in a verdict wholly exonerating the accused. Coroner Croker listened to this verdict without a word, and then quietly, and without the slightest change in expression, said, "The prisoner is committed, without bail, to the Tombs, to await the action of the Grand Jury." Instantly there was a tumult. All the trustees present and several of the jurymen stepped up to the Coroner's desk, with that disregard for formality which has always characterized this particular court, and remonstrated vigorously. They urged that it was an outrage to lock up a man who had been cleared by a jury. They pleaded that it would be a terrible injury to the man, and a terrible blow at the institution itself. The Coroner arose as they came up, and stood like a statue, listening in perfect silence till all had said all they had to say. Then, as impassive as ever, he repeated, "The prisoner stands committed," and turned away without another word.

No single quality could ever have won for Richard Croker the pre-eminence he enjoys, and it is doubtless owing largely to his political sagacity, political honesty, great knowledge of individuals, and spotless personal integrity that he is what he is to-day, but if one qualification has contributed more than another to his success, it is probably this direct, downright strength of purpose, unchangeable by any outside influence. What such a man wants in this world is always his if he live long enough. Mr. Croker has been, since his term as Coroner, a Fire Commissioner, and is now the Chamberlain of the city, having held, I believe, no other public offices; but a man's influence in Tammany Hall is not dependent upon the holding of public office.

This is amply shown by the position of the man who stands nearest to Croker, who is consulted by him in all party matters of any considerable importance in which a ripe judgment and thorough knowledge of principles and men are requisite; the man, moreover, who has been Mayor Grant's chief adviser in the very weighty matters that have engaged his attention since his election; the man whose voice is listened to in Tammany Hall as the voice of one having authority—W. Bourke Cockran. Mr. Cockran has been counsel to the Sheriff of New York for two terms, and he has served one term in Congress, but at present he holds no public office, and manifests no desire to hold any. Yet he is the real counsel of Tammany Hall, and is relied upon to formulate nearly all, if not all, of its public utterances, and is called on to advise as to every important appointment that is made in the city government.

Mr. Cockran is a young man yet, probably not more than thirty-five or so. It is said that he was educated in Ireland with a view to his entering the priesthood. Whether this is or is not true, his education was one of unusual excellence. Coming to America when hardly more than a boy, he became a school-teacher in Mount Vernon, and while pursuing that vocation studied law. He was for a time a student in Ex-Judge Tappen's office, and on being admitted to the bar, some dozen years ago, gave up teaching and devoted himself to legal practice and to politics. In both he was greatly assisted by his handsome presence, polished manners, and gift of rare eloquence. It is commonly said of him by lawyers that he has at command the largest vocabulary of any lawyer practising at the New York bar.

Oratory is the sure key to prominence in Tammany Hall. The brilliant speaker, if capable and trustworthy, is certain to command attention there, and Bourke Cockran was soon recognized as one of the most brilliant speakers who had ever been heard there. He was recognized by John Kelly as an important and a growing man, and in the generation which has succeeded Kelly's he has taken the highest place to which his aspirations apparently lead him.

Next in importance in the ranks of Tammany Hall is the Mayor of the city, Mr. Hugh J. Grant, another illustration of the fact that the holding of office is not the true test of prominence in the organization. Mayor Grant is also a young man, about the same age as Mr. Cockran, but he holds the position of Mayor at a time when it happens that the Mayor has extraordinary powers and influence. He first came into prominence in the eyes of the public as a member of the Board of Aldermen in 1884—the Board which attained the greatest depth of infamy of any which the city has had for many years. He was almost the only member who was considered unapproachable at the time when jobbery and bribery were rampant. Jacob Sharp was at the climax of his career, and achieved his last success in life by buying the whole of the Board excepting two, and Hugh J. Grant was the only one who voted against granting him the franchise for the Broadway Railroad. It was a notable instance of the value of honesty as a policy, for he was instantly a marked man. From that time his advancement was assured. He was put in nomination for Mayor, and defeated the first time. The next election he ran for Sheriff and was elected, and last year was elected Mayor.

Mayor Grant, although well educated and a tolerably astute politician, is prominent as an executive rather than as an adviser in the council. His established reputation for personal honesty and for trustworthiness as a public official makes him the most valuable man in the organization for the position of figure-head merely. Shrewd and far-seeing rather than able, he is thoroughly acquainted with the city and with the men and measures likely to prove acceptable to the people. Aside from this, he is entirely fearless, and his party loyalty is beyond a question. Possessed of a large personal fortune, he has always been liberal, and politics being a passion with him, he has devoted his attention to it ever since attaining his majority.

Of the fourth man in the group that now holds power in New York city, comparatively little is known by the public outside of Tammany Hall, but few men are better known or more popular within the organization. Thomas F. Gilroy, now Commissioner of Public Works, has been for many years the Secretary of the General Committee of Tammany Hall and of the Committee on Organization, and is, moreover, one of the Committee of Twenty-five, being the leader of the Twenty-third District.

A word should be said of the Committee on Organization as explanatory of the methods of party government obtaining in Tammany. It is the most important of the sub-committees of the General Committee, in that it takes the initiative in all matters of discipline, and originates all suggestions as to the policy of the party. The power of Tammany Hall is undoubtedly centered in a few, but it is thoroughly understood that a continuance in power depends entirely on the popular will of the party. Disaffection among the voters is therefore promptly noticed in the Committee on Organization, which has some five hundred members, and is certain to cause prompt action. A leader of a district is a great man while he is leader, but any dissatisfaction with his rule will be quickly known to and considered by the Committee on Organization, and if it is justified, there will be a change made almost at once. Thus, with a somewhat arbitrary method, the popular will is really paramount in the party.

Mr. Gilroy has won his reputation as a member of this committee. In all questions of the policy of the party, proposed coalitions or feuds, general resolutions, reorganizations, or personal changes such as frequently become necessary, his judgment is recognized as invariably sound and excellent. He was Deputy County Clerk under James A. Flack, and was always popular with such of the public as had business in that office, being a genial, pleasant, and obliging man, as well as remarkably gifted with business ability. This last faculty was conspicuously shown when he was made receiver of the business of Mitchell, Vance, & Co. The affairs of the business seemed to be hopelessly entangled, yet he straightened them out so that payment was made in full, and the business was resumed.

Of the army of other men who share with these four the power that Tammany Hall has lately regained the limits of space forbid an extended notice. Enough has been said to show the manner in which pre-eminence is held in the party, and how easily it may be forfeited. Tammany is full of ambitious men, who stand ready at any time to pull others down, if thereby they may advance themselves, and any prominent position that is held must be maintained by personal strength. In the army there are many officers of distinction, but not one who has not won that distinction by his own exertions. They vary in characteristics very widely. Some hold their places by reason of personal influence over their followers in their districts, some by reason of political sagacity as shown in the council, and some by ability in those practical politics for which Tammany has always been famous.

Among the twenty-five district leaders there are a number who deserve more than a mention, though the limits of this article forbid it. Ex-Senator George W. Plunkett, Sheriff James A. Flack, ex-Judge John McQuade, Register James J. Slevin (who led the city and county ticket when elected Register), ex-Register John Reilly, John J. Scannell, James J. Martin, Charles Steckler, John D. Purroy, and Justice Welde are perhaps the most influential members of this committee, each in his own way. Each has influence with Croker of some kind, and each wields his power to the utmost possible extent.

Outside of the ranks of the district leaders there are many who have also great influence. Bourke Cockran is not one of the twenty-five, although he is *de facto* their counsel. Neither is Judge P. Henry Dugro, of the Superior Court. He resigned the position of Grand Sachem (or head) of Tammany Society when he went on the bench, and no longer takes any public part in politics, though he is credited with being a constant adviser in all important matters. State Senator Cantor is influential, and is expected to grow in political stature. Ex-Senator Grady, famous for his differences with Grover Cleveland, has less influence than he would have had if he had not "bolted" when Tammany voted to support Mr. Cleveland as the regular Democratic nominee for President. Tammany may bolt as a body, but the man who bolts from Tammany has hard work to regain lost ground, as Mr. Grady has learned since he returned to the fold. Morgan J. O'Brien, Judge Barrett, Congressman Cox, and others, are conspicuous examples of men who have power in Tammany without taking an active part in the management of the organization. "Ed" Kearney and "Ed" Stokes are credited by rumor with having a "pull," but if this is true it is held by constant intriguing and wire-pulling; they are not recognized factors inside the organization.

The extent of the power held by the men mentioned as the representatives of Tammany Hall is just now very great. Not since the overthrow of Tweed has the party had such control of the city as it acquired at the beginning of Mayor Grant's term of office. It is true that Mayor Edson was nominated for the Mayoralty by Tammany Hall, but it was in pursuance of one of those compromises to which the organization has been compelled to resort in its struggle for power. He was not a Tammany man, and did nothing for the organization beyond making Mr. Croker Fire Commissioner. The election of 1888, however, was one of remarkable importance, in that the incoming Mayor was to have the filling of many of the most important positions in the city government, which were to become vacant by the expiration of the terms of office of the incumbents. By winning the election, therefore, Tammany was enabled, in the words of some disappointed politicians, to "build a wall around the city and bar the gates." There became vacant by limitation the offices of the Commissioner of Public Works, a Police Commissioner, and the Corporation Counsel. Then the City Chamberlain resigned. The offices of Mayor, County Clerk, Register, and Sheriff had all been captured by Tammany candidates at the election, and Mayor Grant set about filling the vacancies mentioned and many minor ones with other Tammany men. DAVID A. CURTIS.

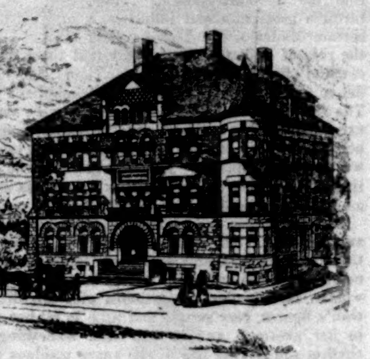
THE CITY OF DURANGO.

THE fire that destroyed a considerable part of Durango, Colorado, on Monday of last week has checked for a time the commercial activity of one of the most promising of the younger cities of the far West. As in other cases of a similar character, however, this calamity may prove to be the best thing that could have occurred to make Durango's business blocks equal in size and appearance to those of Denver and Pueblo. Durango has been of such recent origin that her people have had no time in which to build business blocks entirely worthy of the city's commercial importance. The nearest approach to a representative architecture is the Strater Hotel, which was built last summer, and which fortunately escaped the fire. The buildings destroyed were for the most part ordinary wooden structures of the frontier and mining camp type, with such additions in the way of paint and ornamentation as the cosmopolitan claims of the young city seemed to demand. Outside of the business district three churches and twenty-five dwellings were destroyed.

When the position of Durango with respect to the surrounding country is considered, it will be seen that the wooden buildings of the business section could well be spared, especially as their destruction will be followed by the erection of blocks of brick and stone. The city lies in the lower part of the valley of the Rio de las Animas Perdidas (the River of Lost Souls), in southwestern Colorado. As its name implies, it is the gateway to the rich silver mines of the San Juan country to the north and west, and to the coal fields of La Plata County near at hand. Its settlement dates back only to 1880, when it became a supply point for miners and prospectors going into the San Juan region. While its mining fever lasted, Durango had all the characteristics of the usual mining town, but when the silver excitement had worn itself tame and threadbare, the city assumed the sober and business-like appearance that it has since borne. The silver fields were altogether too extensive and difficult of access for the oft-told mining excitement to continue any length of time.

Not long after the settlement of the place, the cattle-men and sheep-raisers of southwestern Colorado and northwestern New Mexico made it their head-quarters as a convenient shipping point, and also as a protection from marauding bands of Indians and badly civilized white men. Afterward a smelter was built to handle the ore from the San Juan mines, and this in turn tapped the immense deposits of bituminous coal which underlie the country roundabout. Still later, the lower half of the valley of the Rio de las Animas Perdidas was settled thick with farmers, who found a rich market in the mines and among the stores of Durango. Thus the foundations were laid for a particularly strong and progressive commercial capital of the entire San Juan region in both Colorado and New Mexico. The business of the city is already so well established, and active competition so remote, that the fire will be only temporary in its evil effects. Indeed, the rebuilding of the burned district may give to the city an impetus that will be felt in all parts of the San Juan country, for by it the people will give unmistakable assurance of their wealth and enterprise. This doubtless will stimulate the promised building of a broad-gauge railroad from the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway system at Albuquerque, New Mexico, to compete with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad's narrow-gauge line from Pueblo and Denver, and to give Durango coal an outlet into New Mexico and Arizona. With this increased facility for transportation, and with new brick and stone business blocks, Durango will stand an excellent chance of doubling her population within the next five years.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.



THE MARK HOPKINS MEMORIAL—RECITATION ROOMS.

THE extreme western county of Massachusetts is the most attractive one in the State, by virtue of its diversified mountain scenery, and the glory of Berkshire is her college at Williamstown. The county stretches fifty miles along the edge of New York State, from Vermont to Connecticut, and within the borders of Berkshire the Green Mountains begin to decline toward the Sound. Rugged mountain-peaks that include Greylock, the loftiest summit in the State; green and fertile intervals; rivers large enough to brighten the landscape, though small affairs in the commercial aspect; bits of lakes and brooks that tumble down the hill-sides—these are the elements that go to the making of a region which compasses as much of natural beauty as any spot of equal extent in the United States.

It follows that there be "those who love" this county and Williams College, whose seat is in the most northern town. The eminent New Yorkers who have planted their country homes in Stockbridge and elsewhere, even more than those who have made Lenox a summer capital of fashion, can understand the spirit of loyalty and devotion with which the graduates of Williams look back on the institution which nurtured them for four years amid surroundings so delightful and stimulating.

There is something appropriate in the fact that this institution was moulded by the most distinguished son of Berkshire, and that one who was born under the shadow of Greylock devoted his life to Williams College, and was, during over half a century, the beloved master of over seventeen hundred boys. Never was the impress of environment more clearly stamped on any man than was the influence of Berkshire made manifest in Mark Hopkins. To a degree perhaps unsurpassed in the history of American colleges the life of Williams circled around its President, and for the thirty-six years of his Presidency—from 1836 to 1872—and indeed during all the fifty-nine years of his association with the institution as teacher, until his death, June 17, 1887, he was the chief figure in it. In comprehensiveness of thought, in his method of teaching, and the supreme manliness of his life, he seemed much more the outcome of natural surroundings than the product of books and schools of philosophy.

But with Dr. Hopkins passed the last example, as it was the most illustrious, of the college President as chief instructor and personal guide. It was left for his successor, the late President Paul A. Chadbourne, who was in office from 1872 to 1881, and more especially for the present head of the college, Dr. Franklin Carter, to bring about a readjustment of the work of the institution on larger lines. The problem that had grown out of the vast development of the sciences and increased breadth of scholarship in all departments challenged the power of the American college to adapt itself to the more complex conditions of modern life and thought. There was a great and delicate machine to be built up and managed, and the Presidency of such a college had grown into an administrative office, dealing with endless details of ways and means and methods, and yet calling for large and wise leadership and ready tact. The old college scheme had become antiquated. To make room for the many new subjects of inquiry, and the greater thoroughness with which the old ones must be presented, made the task of planning a course of study a difficult one.

Some have met the pressure of these modern intellectual interests by abandoning all attempt at discrimination, and offering students unlimited liberty of election. This has gone so far in certain instances as to obliterate the old-fashioned college and give us the university in its stead. Others, adhering to a required curriculum, have, in order to broaden and liberalize it, admitted so many subjects that a confused medley of elements and fragments has resulted, almost destitute of disciplinary value. Between the relinquishment of all responsibility for the selection of studies on the one hand, and a desultory, overcrowded, superficial, prescribed course on the other, the middle ground is not easily discerned. The problem which institutions not aspiring to be universities have to settle is how to construct a course of study which shall be sufficiently comprehensive to meet the demands of modern thought, and at the same time homogeneous and self-consistent enough to furnish a thorough intellectual discipline. They start with the wise old assumption that the boy needs to be guided, and yet would give him the opportunity to specialize intelligently. A course of which the larger part is prescribed, making it certain that every student will acquire the essentials of a liberal culture, but a part of which is elective, enabling the student to gratify his tastes and cultivate his special powers—this is the solution which Williams College, in common with other institutions of similar aim, has adopted. One who renews his acquaintance with the college after an absence of two decades will find that much has been done toward correcting the fragmentariness which was introduced into the curricula in the attempt to satisfy the demands of the modern sciences and literatures. The electives which are permitted are sufficient to secure continuity of instruction through the course in most of the great departments of study.

Very much of the success of such an institution must depend on its appliances and external surroundings and atmosphere, and the Berkshire college has been brought in touch with the times on this side of its work. At how great an expenditure of labor on the ground, and of untiring pleading abroad for the wherewithal, progress here has been slowly gained, any one at all acquainted with any country college can conjecture; but the result is certainly worth celebrating. Something of the beauty and harmonious growth achieved appears in the illustrations which accompany this sketch. The fine dormitory, Morgan Hall, is the first of the buildings which President Carter secured. This thoroughly creditable structure serves to link the name of the late Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York (who was born in the Massachusetts town of Washington), with his native county. The Lasell Gymnasium, companion piece to Morgan Hall, is a memorial of the late Josiah Lasell, of Whitinsville, Massachusetts, an alumnus. The Hopkins Memorial Building, now in process of erection, made possible through the liberality of Frederick F. Thompson, of New York city, and a popular subscription among the alumni, will constitute a monument to Dr. Mark Hopkins. It will meet the greatest present need of the college. In place of the odd assortment of corner rooms in the various college buildings, where inefficient stoves battled with the stern atmosphere of a Williamstown winter, each poorly ventilated class-room being in almost constant demand, the Hopkins Building will provide commodious recitation halls, each with its fireplace and fitted with every modern convenience. Under the same roof will be much-desired executive offices, and a large examination hall.

Since 1881, therefore, the President has been able to invest in the neighborhood of $250,000 in three buildings, two of them constructed of the beautiful bluish gray limestone quarried in the region. More land has been bought, to give the institution its proper setting, and an ample athletic field is the most valued of these purchases. Beyond all this, Dr. Carter has added over $400,000 to the invested funds of the college. Probably $700,000 would represent the money which has come during President Carter's administration, an amount absolutely essential to the proper ongoing of the college, yet insufficient to satisfy all the pressing needs of the situation.

But multiplication of appliances is not the chief result brought about during the eight years of the present administration. The teaching equipment has been greatly strengthened. A college pastor relieves the President and professors of the burden of preaching; a Garfield professorship of ancient languages, in honor of the most famous graduate of Williams, the late President of the United States, has been endowed; the Thomas Thornton Read professorship of physics has been established; a second professor of modern languages; the Barclay Jermain professorship of natural theology, filled by the President; a professor of anatomy and physiology; a director of the gymnasium; and the just-founded J. Leland Miller professorship of American history, literature, and eloquence—these are additions and enlargements of the Carter period. Chemistry, natural history, and physics are taught with full laboratory aids, in place of the old scheme of lectures, and modern methods have been brought into all the departments.

It is entirely just to say that nothing of the personal enthusiasm that distinguishes faithful teaching has been dropped out since the time of Mark Hopkins, while the little social democracy at Williamstown is in all respects better cared for than it used to be. The intelligent application of the gospel of village improvement, leading to the abolition of fences, has transformed the town, with its wide, park-like Main Street, into a gem among beautiful villages. It seems to have been planned for the college. A system of drainage, the introduction of water and gas into the buildings, and the laying of concrete walks on the college grounds are essentials that have been provided. Two hotels—the Tachonic Inn and the Greylock—have lately been modernized and refitted by Colonel A. D. Bullock, of Cincinnati, who has become a helpful factor in the town's progress. One by one, too, the mansions of summer residents are rising on the hills that circle about the old village. These pleasant academic surroundings are found far enough removed from cities to cancel the distractions of town, while the days when only the stage-coach penetrated to the college are long past. The situation is therefore admirable for study, healthful growth, and all manly development.

Without stopping to consider the things that are attractive about a small college—the closer oversight given to the student, and the more intimate social relations that are possible with the whole body of students in such an institution—it may be said that the ideals prevailing in student life at Williams are wholesome. In the main the standards of judgment are such as characterize the best side of life in that "world" of which the aspiring boy is so fond of talking. Athletics are tolerated and even encouraged, but they are not permitted to consume the time and thought given in some institutions. Williams has carried off the base-ball pennant in the combination with Amherst, Dartmouth, and Trinity for two seasons, and her standing in foot-ball is respectable. The journalism of the college has greatly improved of recent years, and the growing disposition of students to enter newspaper work on graduation may be traced in the general catalogue. This signifies the recognition of another great avenue of usefulness. It would be possible to show by statistics touching all the professions that this college imparts an impulse that leads to useful work in life, and that the devoted labors of an underpaid and able faculty are honored in the test of results.

The Greek letter fraternities afford a feature of the local life deserving the prominence given in the accompanying illustrations. The place which these societies fill is both beneficent and natural when the influence of a college training is considered as a preparation for citizenship, and their relation to the college is fixed and recognized. The individual profitably seeks the more intimate association which is akin to the family relation, and he finds it in his society. The friendships formed there last longest. As in the home, the interests of one are common to all, so in the society the shortcomings of any disgrace the fraternity. It is easy to make this common pride contribute to the speedy correction of any failure on the part of members, and the authorities find the secret societies a powerful aid in administering the discipline of the institution. Since the Kappa Alpha society was transplanted from Union College in 1833, eight other fraternities have found a home at Williams—the Sigma Phi, Alpha Delta Phi, Chi Psi, Delta Psi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Delta Upsilon, Phi Delta Theta, and Zeta Psi. All of them have pleasant quarters, and in many cases the society houses are provided with stewards, so that comfortable board is secured at a reasonable price. Indeed these fraternity buildings often compare in rich appointments with the club-houses of the cities, the graduate members contributing generously to their erection and repair. The holding of property in the village identifies the young men with the interests of the community, and gives them much of the spirit of citizenship; they take pride in the good order and attractiveness of their premises. Courtesy, hospitality, and all neighborly virtues are essential to the good name of the organization, and are valued and practised accordingly. No small part of the improvement in student manners and customs, which is so noticeable at Williams and elsewhere, may be traced to the influence of society organizations, and the increased responsibility which has come upon them as property owners.

Solomon Bulkley Griffin.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Down by the sea, the deep blue sea,
We two stood close together,
While o'er us fell that magic spell
Fays weave in summer weather.
One glittering track of silvery light
Led onward, upward to the moon.
"Ah! earth hath naught, nor Heaven, methought,
Wherewith to add a single boon
To this night's ecstasy
Down by the sea."

"'Tis not alone that man should be"—
Thus saith the holy pages—
And sages tell it is not well
Adown, adown the ages.
Ah! how that 'witching, 'wildering moon
Again its old-time magic wrought,
Lit curving lips and finger-tips
That might have met, and meeting brought
Such wondrous joy to me,
Down by the sea!

"Look, Katie! Watch that glittering way—
Be sure it hath a meaning—
Your path and mine, where jewels shine,
And every joy worth gleaning.
There hand in hand be sure we'll find
Whate'er of good life has to give.
Sweetheart! one word, one that once heard
Will make me happy while I live,
Will give the world to me,
Down by the sea."

Alas! the moon, the treacherous moon,
That instant kissed the pulsing wave;
O'er earth and sky it flashed good-by,
Then sank into its watery grave.
As 'neath the lowering thunder-cloud
Earth, sea, and sky grew drear and black.
There is no way where jewels play;
It disappeared and left no track.
She whispered "No" to me
Down by the sea.

Mary E. Vandyne.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

"Work with your head first, then with your hands." It makes no difference as to what people invented this proverb, all the world understands it in its figurative sense, and some special races practically carry it out to-day. To use the head, calling in the great muscular power of the neck, must have been the primitive method of transportation. When man first made a wheelbarrow, a tremendous step was made in advance. When that big baby carriage the Jin-riki-sha was introduced into Japan, that empire was revolutionized.

When the English tourist, as Mr. Smedley has sketched him, gazed from the mountain-top to the depths of the valley below him, and saw that perpendicular flight of stone steps which alone gave access to the village, "How on earth," he thought, "are my traps to be landed away down there? Such an unprogressive people! Why don't they have an inclined plane or something of that kind, you know? If there was only a porter, for that trunk of mine is no light weight." Then there tripped up a rather short and stocky young woman, who, pointing smilingly at the trunk, disclosed the whitest of teeth.

The tourist had some slight acquaintance with art as far as the comprehension of the feminine outline went, so he looked at the young woman, who, in clever pantomime, put her sunburnt hand on the top of her head, pushed further back the coil of her hair, and stood expectant.

The impression he derived was a pleasant one, only he thought that certain painters who have sketched women carrying loads on their heads must have over-refined the figures. "It stands to reason," he said, arguing out the problem on the strictest lines of human mechanism, "that a lithe and willowy-built woman never could carry heavy weights. A trumpery vase or a little pitcher of water poised on the head would require no special build, but when it comes to a poor woman staggering under a load of two hundred pounds or more, why, you want what we would call at home a pony-built woman. That heavy-weight business must shorten the neck and produce abnormal muscular development. But I want my trunk landed somewhere, and I'm precious tired and hungry, and so I will stop theorizing and devote myself to the facts in the case." So he smiled too, and intimated that he should be very happy to utilize the young woman's trunk-bearing accomplishments. Then that young woman took hold of one handle of the sole-leather trunk, and made signs that its owner should seize the other handle. Next she showed by a gesture that he was to help her in the landing of that trunk on her head.

"Ah! that's so. I know these women carry with ease on their heads weights they cannot lift. She wants what might be called a boost. It's co-operative work, in a certain sense. All right, young woman. Now when I say one, two, three, up she goes." The woman was quick-witted and at once understood, for she repeated in her Italian the three numerals. The tourist entered into the spirit of the thing, did his best, and in a trice the trunk was on the woman's head. She showed that she was well up in the business. As the trunk rose in the air she ducked a little and caught the trunk on the rise, and so broke its sudden fall. Now she adjusted it a trifle, got it into exact equilibrium, found her own precise centre of gravity, and, preceding the tourist, went down the steep descent.

Was there a sentimental side to the tourist? Did he for a moment pity women who are beasts of burden? Englishmen, and for that, Americans, when they travel become very practical. So to this tourist it simply was the question of having a clean shirt to put on when he got to his destination. He had not the heart to make the woman carry his travelling bag. He took that himself, but cheerfully resigned it again. Never making a false step or a stumble, the freight was landed at the village inn, and the merry transporting agent received her full pay. Dickens, in his description of travel in Italy, tells of an infallible way by which a foreigner may know to a certainty whether he has paid enough to a native. "When he begins to laugh, you may be sure you have overpaid." This is about what Dickens wrote. When our tourist had put many small pieces of coin into the brown palm of the girl's hand, and she showed her white teeth again through the pretty smile, the owner of the trunk knew it was all right.

BLUE-FISHING IN THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

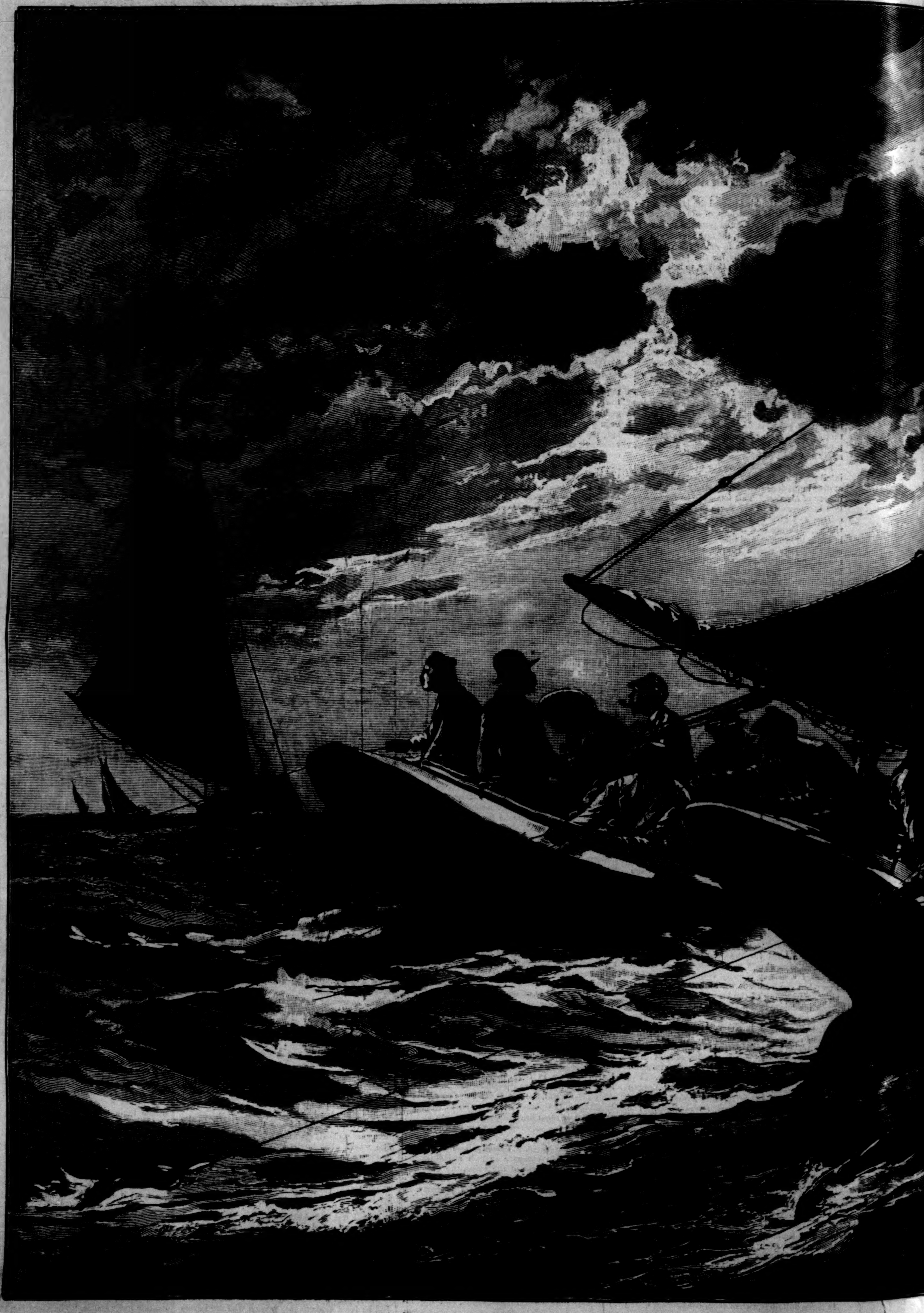
Trolling for blue-fish on the Great South Bay, near Fire Island Light, is now the most delightful and exciting sport of the summer resident with aquatic tastes. Every pleasant day this arm of the ocean is studded with the sails of all sizes of craft. The occupants of the boats are full of animation. Hand over hand they may be seen paying out and hauling in their long hand lines. These lines vary in length from two to four hundred feet. A so-called squid, with a single hook, is attached to each line, and it spins through the water like a thing alive. It is usually made of lead, but bone, shell, and other materials are frequently used. The spinning of the squid attracts the blue-fish, and they make a rapacious rush for it. When they strike, the angler quickly discovers that there is no introductory nibble with the blue-fish. From the first vicious strike, which almost takes the line out of one's hand, until safely landed in the boat, it is a grand struggle between man and fish.

The angler must have a steady nerve and quick hand to make a success of trolling for blue-fish. The fish must be hauled in as quickly as possible. Such a thing as playing with him is entirely out of the question. The slightest bit of slack line or delay, and in nine instances out of ten the fish will break away. It is not an unusual thing to catch them with lacerated jaws, thus showing evidence of previous battles with anglers. To the amateur there is a good deal of downright hard work about the sport. In time, however, he becomes accustomed to the work of constantly hauling in his line to remove the ever-troublesome sea-tangle with which the hook becomes clogged, in which condition the nimble blue-fish could not see the shimmering squid. He must also become accustomed to an occasional sore finger, caused by the strain upon the line. These annoyances, however, are trivial in comparison to the sport and the delightful sail. There are no mosquitoes or black-flies to make one's life a burden, as in trout and salmon fishing. Expensive fishing tackle is not at all necessary. It is a pleasure which may be indulged in by every individual wealthy enough to hire a sail-boat.

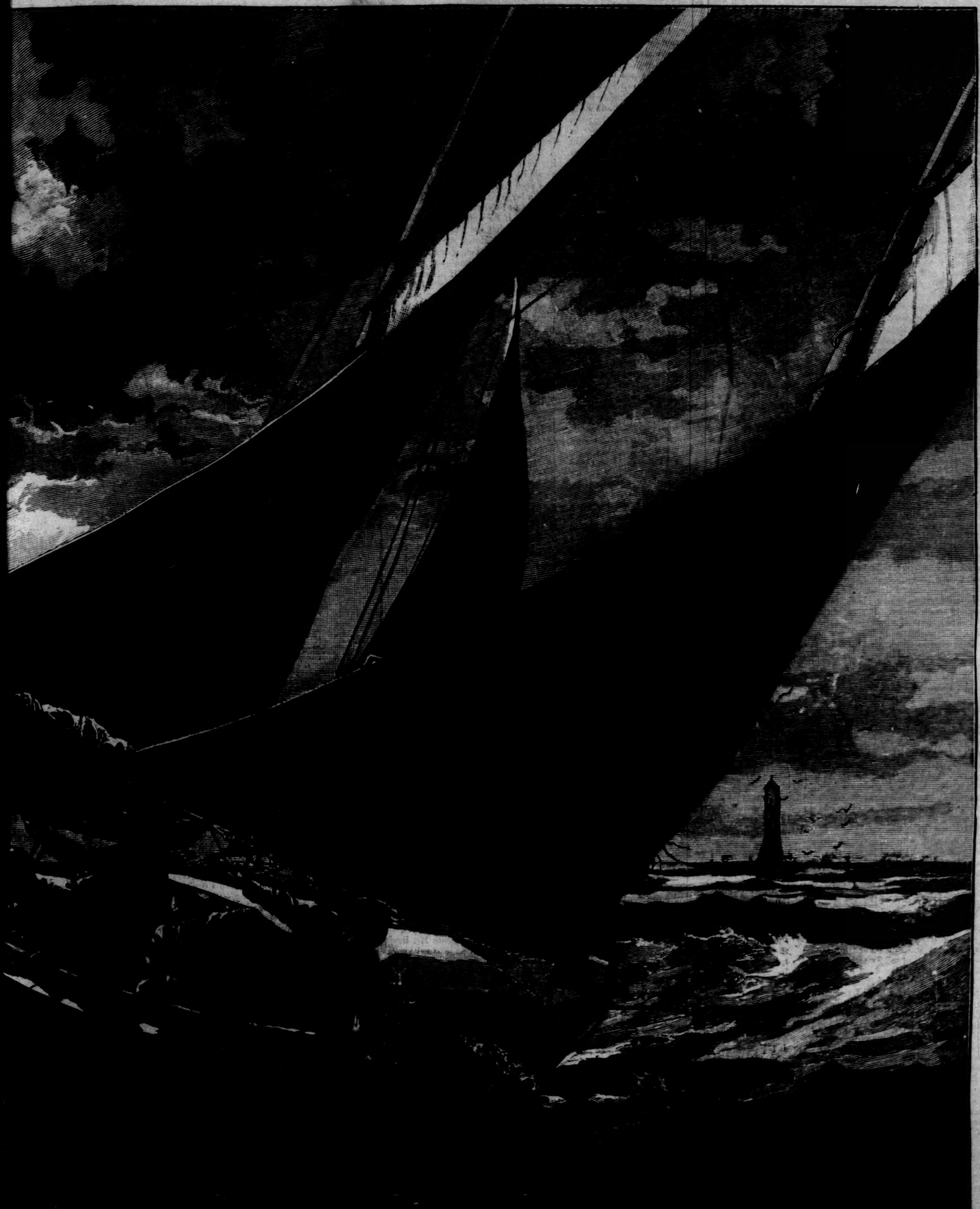
Chumming for blue-fish is slightly more expensive than trolling, but it is more exciting. The captain of the sail-boat must be notified in advance to secure a few hundred menhaden. On the eventful day he sails out with his party to his particular favorite spot and anchors. An improvised fish-grinder is placed on one side of the boat, and the menhaden are ground up into what is called chum. This is gradually thrown overboard; then the captain baits each angler's hook with a good-sized piece of the fish, and the sport begins. The anglers pay out their lines, allowing the bait to float away with the chum. The fine chum simply aggravates the blue-fish, and they dash through it, looking for more substantial food, which they invariably find enveloping a copper-snelled hook. This is the supreme moment when the angler's skill is tested. It is the moment when he needs all the presence of mind he possesses. Should he become excited, he is sure to lose his prize. An advantage in chumming is that either hand lines or rods and reels may be used. Sportsmen prefer the latter. In both cases the line must be paid out as rapidly as the tide is running; when nearly out it must be reeled or hauled in again, the bait examined, the sea-weed removed, and the line again paid out. One is as likely to get a strike reeling in as in paying out; and, as in trolling, one must be ever on the lookout for the sudden, savage strike of the fish. When the rush comes, if you have not the rod and reel under perfect control, you will not only lose the fish, but you may return with a broken rod or the loss of hundreds of feet of line.

Blue-fish feed on the schools of menhaden and other small fish with which the bay abounds. It is a grand sight to see them at feeding-time. Whole regiments of them may be seen to leap from the water in their wild rushes after their unfortunate prey. They lash the water into foam in their mad charges, and often bite each other during their delirious efforts in procuring food. Even when not hungry they will wantonly rush upon schools of other fish and snap and bite right and left, killing and maiming merely for the sport it affords them. These cannibals act as though they were not afraid of anything above or below the water. An occasional shark gets among them, however, and brings them to their senses. Another peculiarity of the fish is that they may be caught as freely during a thunder-storm as on a pleasant day. It is said that they are the only fish which have no respect for the battles of the elements. Almost all others seek deep water as soon as thunder is heard. They are at all times an interesting study, but, as one captain aptly put it, "The more you study them, the less you know about them."

Thomas J. Murrey.



TROLLING FOR BLUE-FISH IN FIRE ISLA



AN INLET.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 555.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.

I.

The scheme of a banquet to celebrate the initial success of *Every Other Week* expanded in Fulkerson's fancy into a series. Instead of the publishing and editorial force with certain of the more representative artists and authors sitting down to a modest supper in Mrs. Leighton's parlors, he conceived of a dinner at Delmonico's, with the principal literary and artistic people throughout the country as guests, and an inexhaustible hospitality to reporters and correspondents, from whom paragraphs, prophetic and historic, would flow weeks before and after the first of the series. He said the thing was a new departure in magazines; it amounted to something in literature as radical as the American Revolution in politics: it was the idea of self-government in the arts; and it was this idea that had never yet been fully developed in regard to it. That was what must be done in the speeches at the dinner, and the speeches must be reported. Then it would go like wildfire. He asked March whether he thought Mr. Depew could be got to come; Mark Twain, he was sure would come; he was a literary man. They ought to invite Mr. Evarts, and the Cardinal, and the leading Protestant divines. His ambition stopped at nothing, nothing but the question of expense; there he had to wait the return of the elder Dryfoos from the West, and Dryfoos was still delayed at Moffitt, and Fulkerson openly confessed that he was afraid he would stay there till his own enthusiasm escaped in other activities, other plans.

Fulkerson was as little likely as possible to fall under a superstitious subjection to another man; but March could not help seeing that in this possible measure Dryfoos was Fulkerson's fetich. He did not revere him, March decided, because it was not in Fulkerson's nature to revere anything; he could like and dislike, but he could not respect. Apparently, however, Dryfoos daunted him somehow; and besides the homage which those who have not pay to those who have, Fulkerson rendered Dryfoos the tribute of a feeling which March could only define as a sort of bewilderment. As well as March could make out, this feeling was evoked by the spectacle of Dryfoos's unfailing luck, which Fulkerson was fond of dazzling himself with. It perfectly consisted with a keen sense of whatever was sordid and selfish in a man on whom his career must have had its inevitable effect. He liked to philosophize the case with March, to recall Dryfoos as he was when he first met him, still somewhat in the sap, at Moffitt, and to study the processes by which he imagined him to have dried into the hardened speculator, without even the pretence to any advantage but his own in his ventures. He was aware of painting the character too vividly, and he warned March not to accept it exactly in those tints, but to subdue them and shade it for himself. He said that where his advantage was not concerned, there was ever so much good in Dryfoos, and that if in some things he had grown inflexible, he had expanded in others to the full measure of the vast scale on which he did business. It had seemed a little odd to March that a man should put money into such an enterprise as *Every Other Week* and go off about other affairs, not only without any sign of anxiety but without any sort of interest. But Fulkerson said that was the splendid side of Dryfoos. He had a courage, a magnanimity, that was equal to the strain of any such uncertainty. He had faced the music once for all, when he asked Fulkerson what the thing would cost in the different degrees of potential failure; and then he had gone off, leaving everything to Fulkerson and the younger Dryfoos, with the instruction simply to go ahead and not bother him about it. Fulkerson called that pretty tall for an old fellow who used to bewail the want of pigs and chickens to occupy his mind. He alleged it as another proof of the versatility of the American mind, and of the grandeur of institutions and opportunities that let every man grow to his full size, so that any man in America could run the concern if necessary. He believed that old Dryfoos could step into Bismarck's shoes, and run the German Empire at ten days' notice, or about as long as it would take him to go from New York to Berlin. But Bismarck would not know anything about Dryfoos's plans till Dryfoos got ready to show his hand. Fulkerson himself did not pretend to say what the old man had been up to, since he went West. He was at Moffitt first, and then he was at Chicago, and then he had gone out to Denver to look after some mines he had out there, and a railroad or two; and now he was at Moffitt again. He was supposed to be closing up his affairs there, but nobody could say.

Fulkerson told March the morning after Dryfoos returned that he had not only not pulled out at Moffitt, but had gone in deeper, ten times deeper than ever. He was in a royal good humor, Fulkerson reported, and was going to drop into the office on his way up from the street (March understood Wall Street) that afternoon. He was tickled to death with *Every Other Week* so far as it had gone, and was anxious to pay his respects to the editor.

March accounted for some rhetoric in this, but let it flatter him, and prepared himself for a meeting about which he could see that Fulkerson was only less nervous than he had shown himself about the public reception of the first number. It gave March a disagreeable feeling of being owned and of being about to be inspected by his proprietor; but he fell back upon such independence as he could find in the thought of those two thousand dollars of income beyond the caprice of his owner, and maintained an outward serenity.

He was a little ashamed afterward of the resolution it had cost him to do so. It was not a question of Dryfoos's physical presence: that was rather effective than otherwise, and carried a suggestion of moneyed indifference to convention in the gray business suit of provincial cut, and the low, wide-brimmed hat of flexible black felt. He had a stick with an old-fashioned top of buckhorn worn smooth and bright by the palm of his hand, which had not lost its character in fat, and which had a history of former work in its enlarged knuckles, though it was now as soft as March's, and must once have been small even for a man of Mr. Dryfoos's stature: he was below the average size. But what struck March was the fact that Dryfoos seemed furtively conscious of being a country person, and of being aware that in their meeting he was to be tried by other tests than those which would have availed him as a shrewd speculator. He evidently had some curiosity about March, as the first of his kind whom he had encountered: some such curiosity as the country school trustee feels and tries to hide in the presence of the new schoolmaster. But the whole affair was of course on a higher plane; on one side Dryfoos was much more a man of the world than March was, and he probably divined this at once, and rested himself upon the fact in a measure. It seemed to be his preference that his son should introduce them, for he came upstairs with Conrad, and they had fairly made acquaintance before Fulkerson joined them.

Conrad offered to leave them at once, but his father made him stay. "I reckon Mr. March and I haven't got anything so private to talk about that we want to keep it from the other partners. Well, Mr. March, are you getting used to New York yet? It takes a little time."

"Oh, yes. But not so much time as most places. Everybody belongs more or less in New York; nobody has to belong here altogether."

"Yes, that is so. You can try it, and go away if you don't like it a good deal easier than you could from a smaller place. Wouldn't make so much talk, would it?" He glanced at March with a jocose light in his shrewd eyes. "That is the way I feel about it all the time: just visiting. Now, it wouldn't be that way in Boston, I reckon?"

"You couldn't keep on visiting there your whole life," said March.

Dryfoos laughed, showing his lower teeth in a way that was at once simple and fierce. "Mr. Fulkerson didn't hardly know as he could get you to leave. I suppose you got used to it there. I never been in your city."

"I had got used to it; but it was hardly my city, except by marriage. My wife's a Bostonian."

"She's been a little homesick here, then," said Dryfoos, with a smile of the same quality as his laugh.

"Less than I expected," said March. "Of course she was very much attached to our old home."

"I guess my wife won't ever get used to New York," said Dryfoos, and he drew in his lower lip with a sharp sigh. "But my girls like it; they're young. You never been out our way, yet, Mr. March? Out West?"

"Well, only for the purpose of being born, and brought up. I used to live in Crawfordsville, and then Indianapolis."

"Indianapolis is bound to be a great place," said Dryfoos. "I remember now, Mr. Fulkerson told me you was from our State." He went on to brag of the West, as if March were an Easterner and had to be convinced. "You ought to see all that country. It's a great country."

"Oh, yes," said March, "I understand that." He expected the praise of the great West to lead up to some comment on *Every Other Week;* and there was abundant suggestion of that topic in the manuscripts, proofs of letter-press and illustrations, with advance copies of the latest number strewn over his table.

But Dryfoos apparently kept himself from looking at these things. He rolled his head about on his shoulders to take in the character of the room, and said to his son, "You didn't change the wood-work, after all."

"No; the architect thought we had better let it be, unless we meant to change the whole place. He liked its being old-fashioned."

"I hope you feel comfortable here, Mr. March," the old man said, bringing his eyes to bear upon him again after their tour of inspection.

"Too comfortable for a working-man," said March, and he thought that this remark must bring them to some talk about his work, but the proprietor only smiled again.

"I guess I sha'n't lose much on this house," he returned, as if musing aloud. "This downtown property is coming up. Business is getting in on all these side streets. I thought I paid a pretty good price for it, too." He went on to talk of real estate, and March began to feel a certain resentment at his continued avoidance of the only topic in which they could really have a common interest. "You live down this way somewhere, don't you?" the old man concluded.

"Yes. I wished to be near my work." March was vexed with himself for having recurred to it; but afterward he was not sure but Dryfoos shared his own diffidence in the matter, and was waiting for him to bring it openly into the talk. At times he seemed wary and masterful, and then March felt that he was being examined and tested; at others so simple that March might well have fancied that he needed encouragement, and desired it. He talked of his wife and daughters in a way that invited March to say friendly things of his family, which appeared to give the old man first an undue pleasure, and then a final distrust. At moments he turned, with an effect of finding relief in it, to his son and spoke to him across March of matters which he was unacquainted with: he did not seem aware that this was rude, but the young man must have felt it so; he always brought the conversation back, and once at some cost to himself when his father made it personal.

"I want to make a regular New York business man out of that fellow," he said to March, pointing at Conrad with his stick. "You s'pose I'm ever going to do it?"

"Well, I don't know," said March, trying to fall in with the joke. "Do you mean nothing but a business man?"

The old man laughed at whatever latent meaning he fancied in this, and said, "You think he would be a little too much for me there? Well, I've seen enough of 'em to know it don't always take a large pattern of a man to do a large business. But I want him to get the business training, and then if he wants to go into something else, he knows what the world is, anyway. Heigh?"

"Oh, yes!" March assented, with some compassion for the young man reddening patiently under his father's comment.

Dryfoos went on as if his son were not in hearing. "Now that boy wanted to be a preacher. What does a preacher know about the world he preaches against, when he's been brought up a preacher? He don't know so much as a bad little boy in his Sunday-school; he knows about as much as a girl. I always told him, You be a man first, and then you be a preacher, if you want to. Heigh?"

"Precisely." March began to feel some compassion for himself in being witness of the young fellow's discomfort under his father's homily.

"When we first come to New York, I told him, Now here's your chance to see the world on a big scale. You know already what work and saving and steady habits and sense will bring a man to; you don't want to go round among the rich; you want to go among the poor, and see what laziness, and drink, and dishonesty, and foolishness will bring men to. And I guess he knows, about as well as anybody; and if he ever goes to preaching he'll know what he's preaching about." The old man smiled his fierce, simple smile, and in his sharp eyes March fancied contempt of the ambition he had balked in his son. The present scene must have been one of many between them, ending in meek submission on the part of the young man whom his father perhaps without realizing his cruelty treated as a child. March took it hard that he should be made to suffer in the presence of a co-ordinate power like himself, and began to dislike the old man out of proportion to his offence, which might have been mere want of taste, or an effect of mere embarrassment before him. But evidently, whatever rebellion his daughters had carried through against him, he had kept his dominion over this gentle spirit unbroken. March did not choose to make any response, but let him continue, if he would, entirely upon his own impulse.

II.

A silence followed, of rather painful length. It was broken by the cheery voice of Fulkerson, sent before him to herald Fulkerson's cheery person. "Well, I suppose you've got the glorious success of *Every Other Week* down pretty cold in your talk by this time. I should have been up sooner to join you, but I was nipping a man for the last page of the cover. I guess we'll have to let the Muse have that for an advertisement instead of a poem the next time, March. Well, the old gentleman given you boys your scolding?" The person of Fulkerson had got into the room long before he reached this question, and had planted itself astride a chair. Fulkerson looked over the chair back, now at March, and now at the elder Dryfoos as he spoke.

March answered him. "I guess we must have been waiting for you, Fulkerson. At any rate we hadn't got to the scolding yet."

"Why, I didn't suppose Mr. Dryfoos could 'a' held in so long. I understood he was awful mad at the way the thing started off, and wanted to give you a piece of his mind, when he got at you. I inferred as much from a remark that he made." March and Dryfoos looked foolish, as men do when made the subject of this sort of merry misrepresentation.

"I reckon my scolding will keep awhile yet," said the old man, dryly.

"Well, then, I guess it's a good chance to give Mr. Dryfoos an idea of what we've really done—just while we're resting, as Artemus Ward says. Heigh, March?"

"I will let you blow the trumpet, Fulkerson. I think it belongs strictly to the advertising department," said March. He now distinctly resented the old man's failure to say anything to him of the magazine; he made his inference that it was from a suspicion of his readiness to presume upon a recognition of his share in the success, and he was determined to second no sort of appeal for it.

"The advertising department is the heart and soul of every business," said Fulkerson hardily, "and I like to keep my hand in with a little practice on the trumpet in private. I don't believe Mr. Dryfoos has got any idea of the extent of this thing. He's been out among those Rackensackens, where we were all born, and he's read the notices in their seven by nine dailies, and he's seen the thing selling on the cars, and he thinks he appreciates what's been done. But I should just like to take him round in this little old metropolis awhile, and show him *Every Other Week* on the centre tables of the millionaires—the Vanderbilts and the Astors—and in the homes of culture and refinement everywhere, and let him judge for himself. It's the talk of the clubs and the dinner tables; children cry for it; it's the Castoria of literature, and the Pearline of art, the Won't-be-happy-till-he-gets-it of every enlightened man, woman, and child in this vast city. I knew we could capture the country; but my goodness! I *didn't* expect to have New York fall into our hands at a blow. But that's just exactly what New York has done. *Every Other Week* supplies the long-felt want that's been grinding round in New York and keeping it awake nights ever since the war. It's the culmination of all the high and ennobling ideals of the past—"

"How much," asked Dryfoos, "do you expect to get out of it the first year, if it keeps the start it's got?"

"Comes right down to business, every time!" said Fulkerson, referring the characteristic to March with a delighted glance. "Well, sir, if everything works right, and we get rain enough to fill up the springs, and it isn't a grasshopper year, I expect to clear above all expenses something in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Humph! And you are all going to work a year—editor, manager, publisher, artists, writers, printers, and the rest of 'em—to clear twenty-five thousand dollars? I made that much in half a day in Moffitt once. I see it made in half a minute in Wall Street, sometimes." The old man presented this aspect of the case with a good-natured contempt, which included Fulkerson and his enthusiasm in an obvious liking.

His son suggested, "But when we make that money here, no one loses it."

"Can you prove that?" His father turned sharply upon him. "Whatever is won is lost. It's all a game; it don't make any difference what you bet on. Business is business, and a business man takes his risks with his eyes open."

"Ah, but the glory!" Fulkerson insinuated with impudent persiflage. "I hadn't got to the glory yet, because it's hard to estimate it; but put the glory at the lowest figure, Mr. Dryfoos, and add it to the twenty-five thousand, and you've got an annual income from *Every Other Week* of dollars enough to construct a silver railroad, double track, from this office to the moon. I don't mention any of the sister planets because I like to keep within bounds."

Dryfoos showed his lower teeth for pleasure in Fulkerson's fooling, and said, "That's what I like about you, Mr. Fulkerson: you always keep within bounds."

"Well, I *ain't* a shrinking Boston violet, like March, here. More sunflower in my style of diffidence; but I am modest, I don't deny it," said Fulkerson. "And I do hate to have a thing overstated."

"And the glory—you do really think there's something in the glory that pays?"

"Not a doubt of it! I shouldn't care for the paltry return in money," said Fulkerson, with a burlesque of generous disdain, "if it wasn't for the glory along with it."

"And how should you feel about the glory, if there was no money along with it?"

"Well, sir, I'm happy to say we haven't come to that, yet."

"Now, Conrad, here," said the old man, with a sort of pathetic rancor, "would rather have the glory alone. I believe he don't even care much for your kind of glory, either, Mr. Fulkerson."

Fulkerson ran his little eyes curiously over Conrad's face and then March's, as if searching for a trace there of something gone before which would enable him to reach Dryfoos's whole meaning. He apparently resolved to launch himself upon conjecture. "Oh, well, we know how Conrad feels about the things of this world, anyway. I should like to take 'em on the plane of another sphere, too, sometimes; but I noticed a good while ago that this was the world I was born into, and so I made up my mind that I would do pretty much what I saw the rest of the folks doing here below. And I can't see but what Conrad runs the thing on business principles in his department, and I guess you'll find it so, if you'll look into it. I consider that we're a whole team and big dog under the wagon with you to draw on for supplies, and March, here, at the head of the literary business, and Conrad in the counting-room, and me to do the heavy lying in the advertising part. Oh, and Beaton, of course, in the art. I 'most forgot Beaton—*Hamlet* with Hamlet left out."

Dryfoos looked across at his son. "Wasn't that the fellow's name that was there last night?"

"Yes," said Conrad.

The old man rose. "Well, I reckon I got to be going. You ready to go uptown, Conrad?"

"Well, not quite yet, father."

The old man shook hands with March, and went down-stairs, followed by his son.

Fulkerson remained.

"He didn't jump at the chance you gave him to compliment us all round, Fulkerson," said March, with a smile not wholly of pleasure.

Fulkerson asked with as little joy, in the grin he had on, "Didn't he say anything to you before I came in?"

"Not a word."

"Dogged if *I* know what to make of it," sighed Fulkerson, "but I guess he's been having a talk with Conrad that's soured on him. I reckon maybe he came back expecting to find that boy reconciled to the glory of this world, and Conrad's showed himself just as set against it as ever."

"It might have been that," March admitted, pensively. "I fancied something of the kind myself from words the old man let drop."

Fulkerson made him explain, and then he said, "That's it, then; and it's all right. Conrad 'll come round in time; and all we've got to do is to have patience with the old man till he does. I know he likes *you*." Fulkerson affirmed this only interrogatively, and looked so anxiously to March for corroboration that March laughed.

"He dissembled his love," he said; but afterward in describing to his wife his interview with Mr. Dryfoos he was less amused with this fact.

When she saw that he was a little cast down by it, she began to encourage him. "He's just a common, ignorant man, and probably didn't know how to express himself. You may be perfectly sure that he's delighted with the success of the magazine, and that he understands as well as you do that he owes it all to you."

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

"Ah, I'm *not* so sure. I don't believe a man's any better for having made money so easily and rapidly as Dryfoos has done, and I doubt if he's any wiser. I don't know just the point he's reached in his evolution from grub to beetle, but I do know that so far as it's gone the process must have involved a bewildering change of ideals and criterions. I guess he's come to despise a great many things that he once respected, and that intellectual ability is among them—what *we* call intellectual ability. He must have undergone a moral deterioration, an atrophy of the generous instincts, and I don't see why it shouldn't have reached his mental make-up. He has sharpened, but he has narrowed; his sagacity has turned into suspicion, his caution to meanness, his courage to ferocity. That's the way I philosophize a man of Dryfoos's experience, and I am not very proud when I realize that such a man and his experience are the ideal and ambition of most Americans. I rather think they came pretty near being mine, once."

"No, dear, they never did," his wife protested.

"Well, they're not likely to be, in the future. The Dryfoos feature of *Every Other Week* is thoroughly distasteful to me."

"Why, but he hasn't really got anything to do with it, has he, beyond furnishing the money?"

"That's the impression that Fulkerson has allowed us to get. But the man that holds the purse holds the reins. He may let us guide the horse, but when he likes he can drive. If we don't like his driving, then we can get down."

Mrs. March was less interested in this figure of speech than in the personal aspects involved. "Then you think Mr. Fulkerson has deceived you?"

"Oh no!" said her husband, laughing. "But I think he has deceived himself, perhaps."

"How?" she pursued.

"He may have thought he was using Dryfoos, when Dryfoos was using him, and he may have supposed he was not afraid of him when he was very much so. His courage hadn't been put to the test, and courage is a matter of proof, like proficiency on the fiddle, you know: you can't tell whether you've got it till you try."

"Nonsense! Do you mean that he would ever sacrifice *you* to Mr. Dryfoos?"

"I hope he may not be tempted. But I'd rather be taking the chances with Fulkerson alone, than with Fulkerson and Dryfoos to back him. Dryfoos seems somehow to take the poetry and the pleasure out of the thing."

Mrs. March was a long time silent. Then she began, "Well, my dear, *I* never wanted to come to New York—"

"Neither did I," March promptly put in.

"But now that we're here," she went on, "I'm not going to have you letting every little thing discourage you. I don't see what there was in Mr. Dryfoos's manner to give you any anxiety. He's just a common, stupid, inarticulate country person, and he didn't know how to express himself, as I said in the beginning, and that's the reason he didn't say anything."

"Well, I don't deny you're right about it."

"It's dreadful," his wife continued, "to be mixed up with such a man and his family, but I don't believe he'll ever meddle with your management, and till he does, all you need do is to have as little to do with him as possible, and go quietly on your own way."

"Oh, I shall go on quietly enough," said March. "I hope I sha'n't begin going stealthily."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. March, "just let me know when you're tempted to do that. If ever you sacrifice the smallest grain of your honesty or your self-respect to Mr. Dryfoos, or anybody else, I will simply renounce you."

"In view of that I'm rather glad the management of *Every Other Week* involves tastes and not convictions," said March.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH IN THE COAL MINES.

There is no State in the Union richer than Pennsylvania. Its mountains are filled with coal, and the roofs of its iron mines are fertile farms. The limit of its potentiality has not been discovered. In nearly every decade of its history new sources of wealth have been discovered. First there were iron ore and limestone. Then it was anthracite for the smelting. Afterward fuel was cheapened by the use of bituminous coal and coke. And now the discovery of natural gas has reduced the wage list of the iron and steel mills, and placed the plate-glass of western Pennsylvania on a footing with the famous products of France and Belgium. It is unnecessary, however, to repeat the story of this plutocratic commonwealth. The breath of the nostrils of many of its newspapers are the statistics of the output of the mines and factories. The hammer of Thor rings in its literature. So much devotion has been exhibited in the pursuit of wealth and in its worship that the finer traits of the sturdy people who have built up the State, and even the exquisite beauties with which nature has surrounded them, are often obscured. When statistics of the "output" are daily proclaimed to a people as the record of their most splendid achievements, the community will naturally consider price before quality.

There are thousands of people in this rich State who are the victims of its enormous wealth. The laws of the Federal government have taught the lesson that the mines and factories of Pennsylvania are so precious a possession that the whole country must make sacrifices for them. Those who have much and the great majority who have little pay their tribute to the iron monster who dominates the land. That tribute does not go to the preservation of industries, but to the enrichment of the capitalists who own them. The toiling wage-earners do not share in the booty; their lives are part of the sacrifice. The policy which has made certain industries the first concern of the government has induced the belief in the minds of its beneficiaries that everything is right which cheapens production and increases prices. That labor is cheap in Pennsylvania has been demonstrated in former articles on this subject. It has been also shown that some mine operators resort to every imaginable device in order to reduce the cost of labor: that the lowest and most degraded people of Europe are imported; that the miner is at the mercy of bosses who, by fines, by overcharges for his supplies, and by means of the illegal company store, reduce the sum of his earnings to the merest pittance. Labor is degraded in Pennsylvania as it is everywhere where the laws are not equal as between it and capital, where the whole force and energy of the State is directed to increasing the profits of owners. The readers of the Weekly have seen how wretched are the homes and their surroundings of the coal and iron workers of Pennsylvania. They have been told the story of poverty; there remains another tale of the mines—the loss of life due to the wicked and reckless negligence of cupidity.

Mr. Rogers has given us a striking picture of human existence in rich Pennsylvania. The scene is common enough in both the anthracite and bituminous regions. The miners have come to tell this woman that she is a widow. It is probable that not many hours have elapsed since she saw the dead man go forth to his daily task in his usual health and strength. Accidents in the coal mines are very likely to occur in the morning. With the employment of the best precautions that are known underground work is dangerous. It is difficult to foresee precisely what will happen to the mass of rock and earth overhead, only partly revealed by the glimmering lamp in the workman's cap. Familiarity, however, makes the miner careless. It is a frequent practice of those who dig bituminous coal to put too much confidence in the treacherous slate which is in conjunction with the coal. Depending upon its firmness and immobility, they knock out the props that hold up the wall of their room, in order that they may go on picking down the coal beyond, thus increasing their day's earnings. Their carelessness is not likely to be followed by an immediate result, but the slate remains unsupported all night, loosening itself from the clay and the other laminæ of its own substance. When the miner strikes his first blow in the morning, down comes the mass upon him, and there is another fatal accident, due to the man's own folly and to the neglect of laws and regulations which require the mine boss to make daily examinations of the mine before work begins in the morning. Or it may be that the miner is the victim of the explosion of the gases that have accumulated during the night, and of whose presence he should be warned by the officer charged with his safety.

It is true that many of the accidents are the result of the carelessness of their victims, but it is also true that many more are occasioned by the employment of imported foreigners who do not understand the language of the country, or the nature of the work in which they are engaged, and that others still are due to the criminal neglect of precautions, some of which are prescribed by law. The laws of Pennsylvania, however, do not guard the working-men very carefully, and what statutes there are have not been enforced as they should have been. In a recent report of the State Bureau of Statistics it was admitted that "in the matter of proper factory regulations Pennsylvania is behind England and Massachusetts." The report continues as follows: "Factory legislation is a farce in Pennsylvania, there being no proper person to enforce what little statutory regulations do exist upon the statute-books. Pennsylvania has an institution known as a ward constable. His duty consists in part of reporting, under oath, violations of certain laws to the Court of Quarter Sessions of his county. It is a part of the duty of the constable to report certain violations of factory laws, particularly those laws which relate to the employment of children and the per diem working hours, but the constable has never been known to make report."

It is not only asserted that laws intended "to protect the lives and health of miners" are not enforced, but the reports of mine inspectors show that this fact accounts for many disasters, fatal and otherwise. The officer from whose report these quotations have been made has stated that "recent accidents in those [bituminous] mines render evident the importance of more rigid inspection and more certain prosecutions of wilful violations of the mine laws."

Not only are the miners of Pennsylvania paid so little, and charged so much for what they consume, that they barely exist in the black shadow of poverty, but their employers are careless of their lives. Human life is exposed and destroyed in order that the cost of production may be lowered, and the policy of the government sustained and promoted. In a district of Pennsylvania in one year there were 59 casualties; of these 15 were fatal. Inside of the 126 mines of the district 5546 persons were employed. The causes of the accidents were various. Legs, hips, collar-bones, and backs were broken, and men were killed, by falling coal or slate. Some of the victims were burned by the explosion of gas; men were killed or injured by being crushed between cars. These are the commoner forms of casualties. Reports from other districts are very similar. The largest number of injuries are caused by falling roofs, either coal or slate. Mining experts assert that this might be remedied by a proper system of roofing, which would also improve the ventilation of the mines, and prevent many of the gas explosions which are now so often fatal.

According to the inspector of one of the Pennsylvania districts, the system employed in many of the mines over which he has supervision amounts simply to working from "hand to mouth." Speaking of an accident in a mine in which 19 persons lost their lives, this inspector said: "Had the true system of room-working been adopted.... of the 19 persons who lost their lives in this mine on the 20th of last February by the explosion, 14 of them at least would have been saved." In discussing an accident which occurred in another mine, "one of the best in that section of the country," he said: "At the time of the explosion it was nothing more or less, under the condition (the air course having been gutted), than a mere trap. The men were cut off entirely from any intake of air, and by the time the apertures in the air course were temporarily restored, and fresh air brought down into the mine, the men were suffocated."

This same inspector, who was evidently stirred to the very depths of his soul by the fatal accidents which had occurred in his district, and which might have been prevented, indicates in his report that the employment of unskilful and inexperienced superintendents is the cause of much of the destruction of human life and much maiming of the human body. This is what he says on this subject:

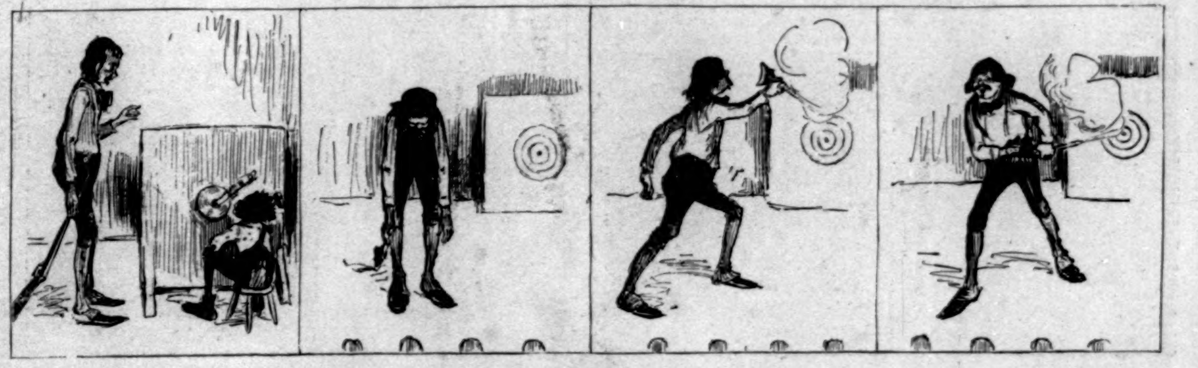
"If there is an honest desire to work the mines with more safety and security, then under no circumstances whatever should any person be placed in charge of any mine or responsible position where life is at stake who has not a thorough and practical knowledge of mines and mining. It is certainly an absurdity to place persons in responsible positions in mines who have had only a few years' or a few months' experience."

It ought not to be necessary to state this apparent truism in a grave and practical report, and yet experience taught this expert miner that at least some of the mines which were within his jurisdiction were in charge of ignorant and inexperienced persons. It is an ungrateful thought that employers will add to the risks and dangers of mining by putting the lives of their working-men in the care of incompetent persons for the sake of decreasing the cost of production, but there is no other conclusion that is warranted by the facts, especially when we bear in mind that some of the miners themselves are so ignorant that they can hardly escape death or injury.

The blow has come suddenly and swiftly to this widow. It too often comes in that way to the wives and children of the men who work underground. What can she do for her support in the mining regions of Pennsylvania? Very little. The arts which women practise in other communities are not much in demand in the coal or iron districts. No little store can rival the great establishment maintained by the company, or, to evade the law, by the company's shareholders. The milliner or dress-maker finds little to do, and little money to pay for that. There are few schools, and probably the widow could not teach if she would, or if there were opportunities. There is little room for solitary women in a community where at the end of the month a man often gets nothing but a receipt for rent and supplies in payment for his hard and dangerous toil. If the woman continues to live in the midst of her unhappy surroundings she will no doubt be often ejected for non-payment of rent, and will many nights go supperless to bed. What charity she will receive will come from persons who are but one remove above her in the scale of poverty. When her baby grows to boyhood she will see him go into the mine, contrary to the law, perhaps, and every day she will watch for his return, realizing how great are the chances that he has been struck by a piece of falling coal, or kicked by a mule, or caught and squeezed in a doorway between galleries, or that a carelessly fired blast or an explosion of gas has sent him to join his father who was a victim before him. Even if the boy lives he must grow up in ignorance, for there is so great a lack of educational provision in these regions that an officer of the State has found it necessary to urge that at least sufficient schools should be established in the mining regions for those who are likely to be charged with the duty of superintending mines, because, as he asserts, accidents result not only from the carelessness, but from the gross ignorance of bosses.

To all who are familiar with the labor problem of the coal mines, Mr. Rogers's picture is a vivid reminder of evils that exist and flourish, fostered by the law and upheld by a vitiated public sentiment. The story of cheap labor from beginning to end is full of tragedy, and perhaps its most terrible and terrifying feature is not the sudden destruction of human life which we have been considering.

Henry Loomis Nelson.



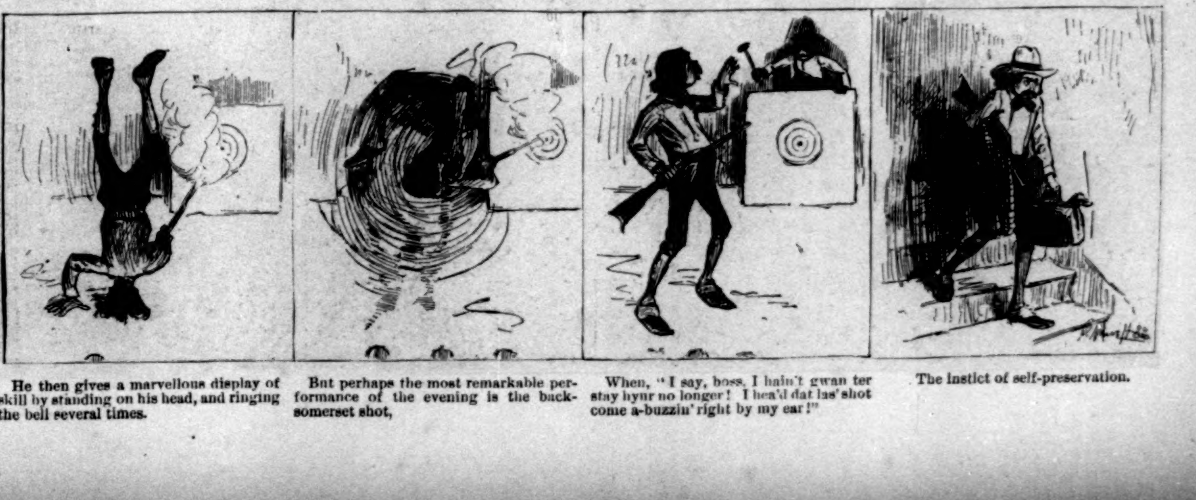
AN EXPOSÉ.

"Now, Jim, the curtain's goin' up, and mind, don't forgit to strike that bell with the hammer every time I shoot, and don't show yer head."

The curtain rises, and "Professor Eagleeye, the Champion Shot of the World," makes his bow.

And immediately wheeling about with rifle in one hand, he fires a half-dozen shots in rapid succession, ringing the bell every time.

Facing the audience again, he shoots at the target behind him without turning his head, and again the bell rings.

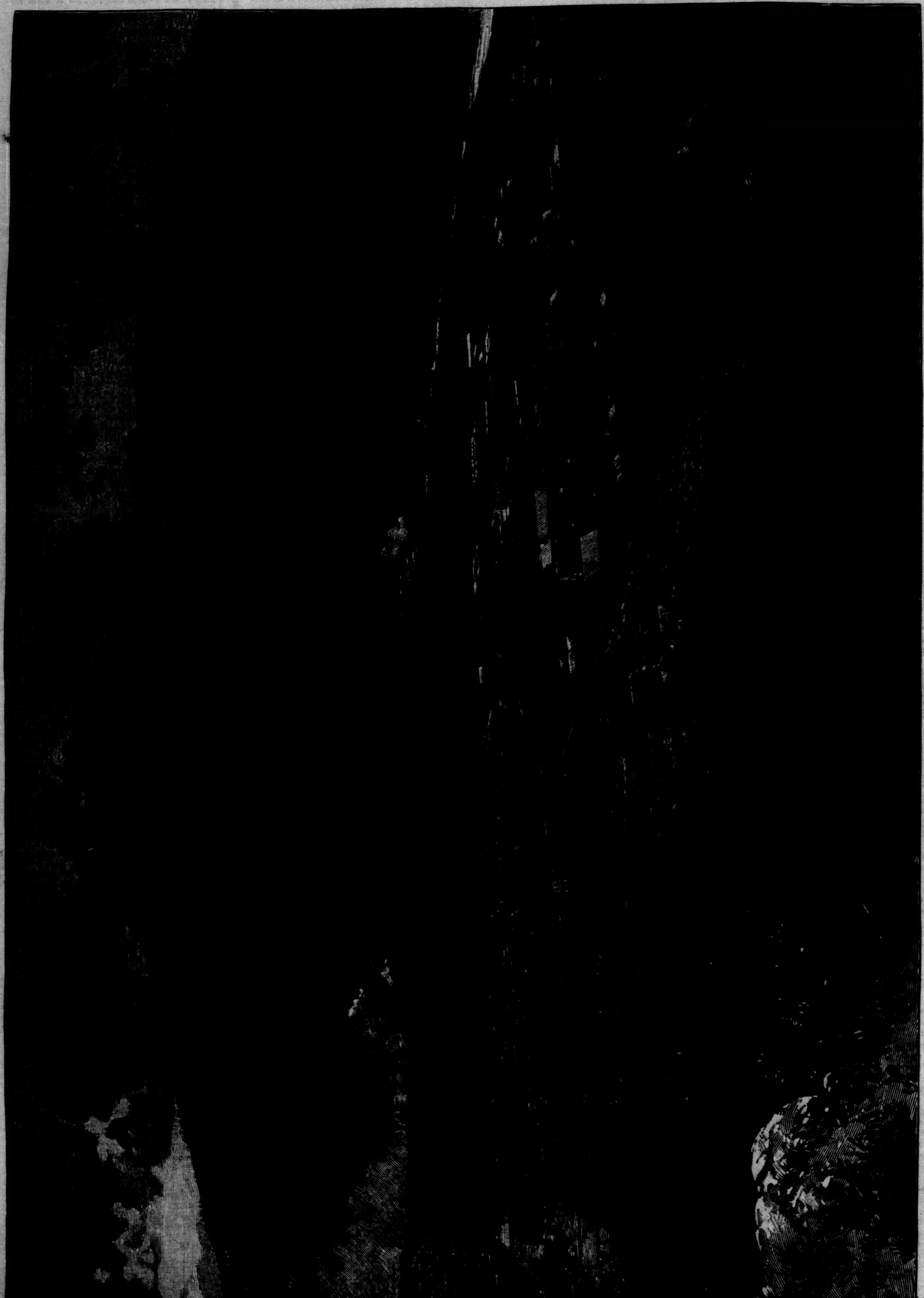


He then gives a marvellous display of skill by standing on his head, and ringing the bell several times.

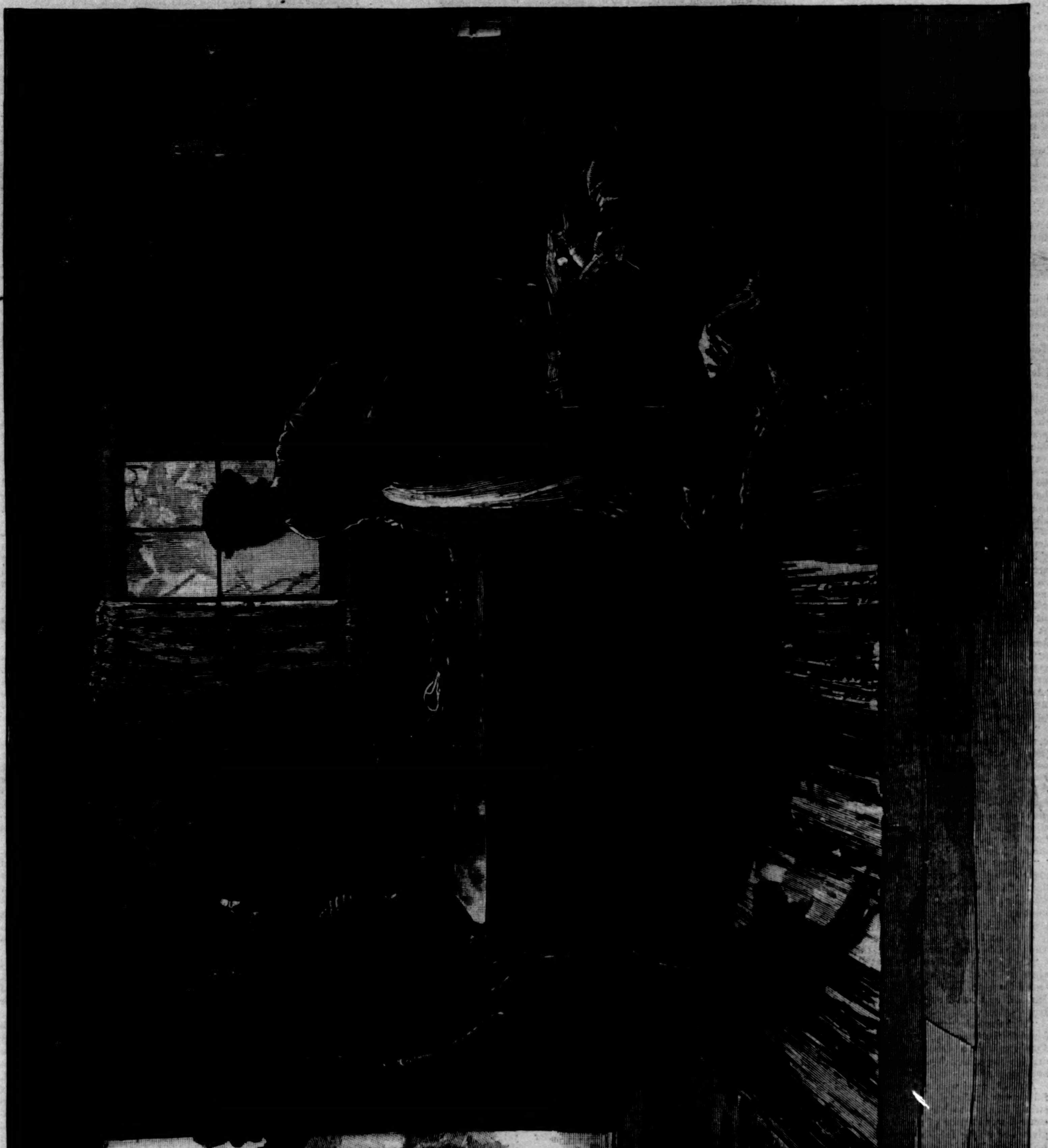
But perhaps the most remarkable performance of the evening is the back-somerset shot,

When, "I say, boss, I hain't gwan ter stay hyur no longer! I hea'd dat las' shot come a-buzzin' right by my ear!"

The instict of self-preservation.



THE CITY OF DURANGO, COLORADO.—From a Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co., Denver.—[See Page 554.]



"DELEGATED TO BREAK THE NEWS"—A COMMON EPISODE IN THE MINING REGIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED MITCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 559.]

MISS DRUSY'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Did you ask the new minister to stop to tea, father?"

"I asked him, Lucilly, but he concluded 't he was in consid'able of a hurry. Seemed to come acrost him jest as soon as I told him your aunt Drusy wa'n't to home. Now you may laugh, Lucilly, but I can see as fur through a stone wall as most folks, and it's my idee that the new minister comes here to see your aunt Drusy. It come acrost me jest like a flash, when I see how kind of foolish he looked, that that was the way of it."

"You dear old innocent! As if everybody in Damsonfield hadn't known it for six months!"

Lucilly, who was a pretty girl, in spite of a large mouth and freckles, came out into the porch where her father sat, and perched upon the railing.

"You don't say so, Lucilly! Drusy! Well, I never!" exclaimed Luther Janes, as excited by this confirmation of his idea as if it had just been revealed to him. "I wonder you hadn't 'a' told me if you knew it, Lucilly," he added, in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, as long as he hadn't said anything, and I didn't know how Aunt Drusy'd feel." (Lucilly having reserves of her own, knew how to respect those of other people.)

"It's a terrible upsettin' kind of an idee. 'Tain't that she's so dretful old; she must be some nigher to forty than fifty now, Drusy must; but I don' know as she ever had, when she was young, nor no time, what you could really call a *beau*. Calline she used to get 'em all. 'Twa'n't that she was so much prettier, but she was one of the kind of girls that has a way with 'em. Men follers after them kind of girls jest as onaccountable as a moth flies into a candle. 'Twa'n't beaux alone, neither, that Calline got away from Drusy. Seems 's if she had a knack of gettin' the best of everything. Drusy never let on that she cared, but I've wondered sence whether or no 'twas in human nater not to feel it. Why, that missionary feller that Calline married and went off out West with, Drusy got acquainted with him when she was keepin' school over to Hebron, 'n' he 'peared so pleased with her 't folks thought sure 'twould be a match; but as soon as ever he see Calline, why, Drusy wa'n't nowhere. I don' know as Drusy set by him, nor by any of the half a dozen that acted consid'able the same way, but it ain't any use to tell me that the unselfishest woman in the world would find such things pleasing."

"I remember asking Aunt Drusy once, when I wasn't old enough to know better, if she wasn't sorry that she wasn't married," said Lucilly. "And she said 'I don't know but I'm contented enough as I am, dear, but I should have liked an opportunity!'"

"'Tain't surprisin' that a woman should feel so, neither," said Luther Janes, sympathetically. "Seems 's if 'twas agin nater when they don't get one. I s'pose she'll take Parson Averill—don't you, Lucilly?—and I don't doubt he's all he'd ought to be, if he has got a kind of a narrer, contracted look. I expect that look don't mean nothin' more'n dyspepsy sometimes, and Drusy 'll enjoy havin' him kind of ailin', so's't she can nurse him up. There's nothin' that suits Drusy like doin' for folks."

"I guess she'll have to give up some of her queer ways if she marries Mr. Averill," said Lucilly. "I don't believe he'll approve of 'em. Folks laugh at her. You would think she was 'most crazy sometimes the things she buys. I kind of think he's close, too. I don' know exactly why, but I do. She talks about lendin', but land! she don't get more'n half the things back."

"I kind of run of an idee that she's tickled when folks don't fetch 'em back, only she was brought up to be thrifty, and she's kind of doubtful how she'd ought to feel," said Luther Janes.

"'Sh! there she comes! Oh dear! She's been down to that bargain store again! I hope Mr. Averill *will* put a stop to it; it's real ridiculous that lending of hers," said Lucilly, with youthful intolerance.

A middle-aged woman with a brisk and cheerful air was coming along the garden path. Her strong likeness to her brother was curious, because it was in spite of the fact that nature had given her angles for his curves and an anxious brow instead of his unwrinkled and jovial aspect.

She sat down upon the step, and with an appearance of childish delight untied a package which she carried. "There! it was a bargain, or else I shouldn't felt as if I could 'a' bought it," she said. "Marked down from fifty cents to a shillin'. Some folks might think 'twas kind of frivolous." Lucilly shrewdly suspected that a thought of Parson Averill had intruded upon Aunt Drusy's childish satisfaction. "But then folks will curl their hair. The Lord didn't seem to think 'twas frivolous to let nature curl some folks's. Don't you remember, Lucilly, the night the Jenkins girls and Martha Sprowle had to stop here on their way to the sociable, and curl up their bangs that the rain had spoiled, and we hadn't anything but the poker for 'em to do it with, and Marilly Jenkins burnt one side of hers clear off? Well, I've been thinkin' ever since that we ought to be prepared when folks come along that way; and so when I saw this Electric Hair-Curler marked down to a shillin', I jumped at it. Of course it won't be any use to Lucilly, seein' her hair curls natural; don't seem as if I ever got hold of anything that was any use to Lucilly." Miss Drusy looked wistfully at the coldly averted face of her niece. "But I thought maybe she'd like to feel that we had something to lend."

"You've got something else, Aunt Drusy," said Lucilly, in a severe tone.

"I didn't expect you'd be interested," said Aunt Drusy, who, although moved by conflicting emotions, never failed to show at length all her purchases. This time she disclosed two small woolly quadrupeds, mounted upon rickety platforms with broken wheels, and so original in execution as to forbid classification in the animal kingdom. "They're real kind of pretty, ain't they?" she said. "And they say the folks that's goin' to move into the old Hackett house have got children. It comes handy to have something in the house to amuse the neighbors' children. I didn't give much of anything for 'em, 'count of their bein' a little out of repair, and I expect a little tinkerin' will make 'em all right. And this soap—I never did see soap so cheap as they were sellin' it there; and Abby Ellen is real kind of nigh about lendin' her soap; and if there's anything that folks are kind of slow and forgetful about fetchin' back, it's soap. This toilet soap—well, I thought the queer shapes of it, the monkeys and the little fat babies, would make an impression on folks's minds, so they'd remember that they'd borrowed it; it will be a real savin' in that way. That package? O—h! that's a little mite of tobacco! I don't s'pose I ought to encourage such a habit; the ladies from the s'ciety that come to see me about it they made me nervous. I didn't seem to have anything to say, except that old Ichabod Toosey, over to the poorhouse, hadn't a mite of comfort in the world except his pipe, and the town wouldn't furnish no tobacco. They kept talkin' about our duty to the risin' generation, but land! Ichabod is goin' on ninety, and he always pays—when he can get a job. It's only a triflin' accommodation."

"How does it happen that you get out of tobacco, then, Drusy?" asked her brother, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, there was Mrs. Green Packard; I lent her some to keep out moths, and she forgot to fetch it back; and to tell the truth, old Ichabod he *scants* a little when he pays it back, pertickerlerly when I don't let on that I remember how much he had. I don't make any account of it, and I can't really think he'll find in the day of judgment that the Lord has, he's such a poor old soul. Seems 's if I knew just how he felt by the way I set by my tea. I don' know as I could do without it anyway. And it isn't clear to me that one's a sin more'n the other, though one of the committee, Mrs. Eli Quimby, that's a minister's daughter, said her father always held that a man couldn't be a Christian and use tobacco."

"I wonder if our minister thinks so?" said Lucilly, mischievously.

Miss Drusy looked troubled. "He does seem real kind of strict, don't he?" she said. "And maybe it is the right way to look at it. Sometimes I'm afraid it's because I ain't spiritual that I can't seem to see it so. Tobacco is hurtful, they say, more'n what tea is."

Lucilly gave her father a sidelong glance and an emphatic nod, which was as if she said, "There! you see she means to have him!"

Aunt Drusy gathered up her parcels and went into the house. She had lost her brisk air and her face was heavy.

"I hope changin' her ways ain't goin' to put her out more'n it pays," said her brother. "Of course marriage is a good thing, more pertickerlerly for women-folks, but there's a sight of comfort to be took too in follerin' your own ways, even if they're ways that other folks calls odd. There was Isaiah Preble, that was subject to low-spirited spells, and nothin' wouldn't do him any good but gettin' up in the night and havin' some fried onions and playin' on the 'cordion. Isaiah lived a bachelor till he was nigh upon forty, and then he up and married Sophrony Nickerson, and she put a stop to the fried onions and the 'cordion; she said she wasn't goin' to have no such a-messin' round and turnin' night into day; 'twa'n't reasonable that it done him any good; and in less than two years after he was married Isaiah he was carried to the insane asylum. And there was Eben Chiswick's wife, Lizy, she wouldn't have no fire in the settin'-room stove till jest such a day of the month, not if everybody froze: they did say that Grandmarm Chiswick come to her death that way: and everybody in the house had got to go to bed at nine o'clock, because she calc'lated 'twa'n't healthy to set up late. I tell you what, Lucilly, it's a great thing to have a comfortable pardner. I don't want to discourage young folks, but it's a more lastin' consolation than bein' so terrible in love, or even than gettin' a minister. I don' know but what I'd better drop a word of warnin' to Drusy."

"It won't do a bit of good," said Lucilly. "And I'm sure it would be a good thing if Mr. Averill should make her give up that lending business; the people impose upon her so."

"Some folks are bound to be imposed upon," said Luther Janes, "and 'tain't so tryin' to have it done outside the family as it is in."

But in spite of this philosophy he admitted that it was "resky business to meddle or mix with courtin'," and decided to let matters take their course between Aunt Drusy and her clerical admirer. He was not without the vague compassion which almost all men feel for their female relatives who have remained unmarried, and the summing up of all his reflections was that, "so long as he was a bony fidy beau, at last, mebbe Drusy had better take him whuther or no." Miss Drusy herself was less perturbed in spirit by her new experiences than were her relatives. She had received the minister's attentions with gentle wonder. So far from matrimony were her thoughts that it had only just dawned upon her that they might be serious. She was like a young girl who regards the advent of her first wooer with vague alarm, although with delightful flutterings, and refuses to question her own heart or scan the future. The only outward and visible signs of her state of mind were a slight timidity and abstraction of manner, a new arrangement of her hair, which concealed the few gray streaks, and some light blue ribbon upon her bonnet, at which Lucilly inwardly jeered.

Lucilly's suggestion about the tobacco had disturbed her.

"As like as not folks do think I'm crazy about lendin' things, as Lucilly says. I expect *he's* heard it talked over," she said to herself. "But I don't really believe he means anything, anyway; so it's no use to borrow trouble about it," she added, with determined cheerfulness.

But it happened that the very next evening the minister walked home from prayer-meeting with Miss Drusy, and invited her to sit with him, in the moonlight, in the grape arbor. The arbor was damp and rickety and mosquito infested, but the minister had forgotten his rheumatism, and Miss Drusy was wafted into enchanted regions where even ghosts of vanished neuralgias could not walk. She knew that Luther was fond of her in a careless brotherly fashion, not untinged with contempt for her spinsterhood, and Lucilly was affectionate sometimes, although she was "a trial" to her; but here was one who "prized her above all other women," who asked her to be his "honored helpmeet." His phrases were somewhat measured and ministerial. Lucilly would inevitably have laughed at them, but Miss Drusy was conscious of no lack, until suddenly into the enchanted land a ghost did walk in the shape of poor old tobacco-loving Ichabod Toosey.

The minister was plain-spoken upon that point, and very firm; he thought she had allowed her kindness of heart to blunt her moral sense a little. And was it not to the encouragement of thriftlessness and even dishonesty that she allowed people to borrow of her, and repay her tardily and in scanty measure, if at all? Some people might regard this as a slight unrighteousness, but from his lofty moral stand-point no such thing as slight wrong-doing was possible, and moreover the minister's wife must be above suspicion. Poor Miss Drusy admitted this, with a quelled spirit, but asked time for reflection. She spent a sleepless night, and by the next afternoon her doubt and trouble had grown too great to be carried in her own bosom. She sought her brother, the most sympathetic listener at hand, divulged her troubles, and asked his advice.

Luther Janes had not forgotten his theories concerning "comfortable pardners," and he inwardly cherished strong doubts whether Parson Averill could be ranked in that category. But he had a strong masculine conviction that no woman ought to miss her only chance of marriage.

"Well, 'two'n't be so hard to kind of drop the business," he said, cheerfully. "You can tell folks when they come to borrer that you ain't a-lendin' no more, and quit buyin' them kind of cur'us things that don't amount to much, and so, without feelin' it no great, you'll get to be jest like other folks."

"But there's Salome Hodgkins and Mis' Jake Mann dependin' on me for wash-boards, and Meddy Wheelock that's so afraid to keep kerosene in the house that she has to keep runnin' over for a little, and Huldy Bemis that gets out of tea, 'count of a drunken husband, and does set so by it, poor soul, and poor half-crazy Sally Pool that won't go to meet'n' without she can wear my old lace shawl, so't's a real means of grace, as you might say; and the crutches! seems 's if somebody—town's folks, or back folks, or 'way-off folks—was always wantin' crutches; and the mournin' bonnet; I declare if it hasn't been a sight of comfort to folks that couldn't afford a scrap of black in time of affliction; and if I have never been called to mourn since I was a girl, thank the Lord! and if Lucilly has made all manner of fun of that bonnet, I've always felt glad I bought it. What folks 'll do if I've to give up lendin'!"

"You'd have more to give, if you was the minister's wife, mebbe. That would do jest as well, mebbe," said her brother, with a palpable effort to refrain from committing himself. "It beats me to tell how you do make that little money that uncle 'Lijah left you go so fur, Drusy."

"I'm one that enjoys economizin' and gettin' bargains—if Lucilly does make fun. I've enjoyed myself considerable, Luther. Seems 's if I just began to have a realizin' sense of my blessin's."

"Well, there is blessin's about a single state that you can't reasonably expect to find in a married one," said Luther Janes, feeling himself tossed helplessly between his theories and his sense of what was proper for a woman. "But yet, and nevertheless, Drusy, it does seem to me that when women-folks gets a chance it's kind of flyin' in the face of Proverdunce for 'em not to take it; not to mention a minister."

"I expect that is the right way to look at it, Luther," said Miss Drusy, meekly.

But she went up to the large attic room where she kept her treasures and sat herself down among them with a heavy heart. She could not banish the thought of poor old Ichabod Toosey's bitter disappointment when he should find that the supplies of tobacco had given out; he would weep childishly, and her heart would be wrung. She might give him what she had; she believed she could not help doing that, although it seemed underhanded and deceiving—Miss Drusy's conscience pricked her—and that she thought *would* be encouraging pauperism. Moreover, old Ichabod prized dearly the remnant of independence to which he could cling, and loved the business flavor of the tobacco transaction.

"I am afraid I wasn't quite honest to say that he scanted a little, though," said Miss Drusy to herself. "He does scant considerable."

Her beneficiaries flitted before Miss Drusy's troubled mind, a forlorn, aggrieved procession, confronted with boardless washing days, groping in keroseneless darkness, and uncomforted of tea, with the edges of their poverty made jagged and rasping by numberless little privations and humiliations which she had prevented. The lame and the lazy, Abby Ellen, the thrifty and capable "hired girl," called them, but they were all dear to Miss Drusy's heart.

"Seems 's if nobody ever needed or wanted me but just them," she mourned aloud in the retirement of the attic. "Abby Ellen bein' so smart and willin', and Lucilly takin' hold of the mendin' so young 'count of my eyes bein' weak. And I could always have been spared from home just as well as not. Always seems to me as if nobody was so forlorn and miserable as those that can be spared from home. I couldn't be now, could I, if—if I had a home of my own!" Miss Drusy's face brightened at this thought. "And seems 's if our folks expe cted I would have him. Aunt Abigail called out to me before I got anywhere near her, when I met her the other day: 'He ain't a-fallin' off, is he?' she says. 'We were terrible afraid he was a-fallin' off, because we haven't seen him go past the corner so frequent lately.' I was all worked up, and I felt as if she ought not to speak so; but I expect she and Uncle Phineas would be disappointed, and they and most folks would think I'd never had a chance. I suppose it's kind of weak-minded to think of that, but I do. I've always felt it, bein' an old maid, and it's no use denyin' it."

Meanwhile Lucilly had tiptoed out to the piazza, and in a cautious whisper demanded of her father, "Is she going to have him?"

Luther Janes shook his head doubtfully. "She appears kind of waverin'," he said. "Them pensioners of hers seems to be preyin' on her mind, pertickerlerly old Ichabod Toosey. I run off an idee that it's him that's a-henderin' her most, because she's always thought so hard of the town for not allowin' the old folks to the poor-house more cretur comforts. When Drusy takes it into her head to stand up for anybody it's dretful hard to turn her. She don't like to do what folks thinks ain't right, pertickerlerly when they tell her 'tain't consistunt with her Christian perfession; but that didn't hender her from bein' as sot as the meetin'-house when that women committee come to argy with her."

"I don't see how she can be so foolish!" said Lucilly, looking greatly vexed. "She must know how people laugh at her, and she ought to think how mortifying it is to *me*."

"Well, it *ain't* pop'lar not to be like other folks. If you ain't, you'd better pretend you be, if you don't want to be called ridickerlous," said her father, in a philosophizing, impersonal way which made Lucilly feel that he did not realize the gravity of the situation.

"It would be so respectable to be the minister's wife that folks would forget how odd she's been," she said.

"'Tain't the Squire's folks, can't be Frank himself, that makes fun of your aunt?" said Lucilly's father, interrogatively, with a twinkle in his eye.

Lucilly colored. "It isn't any advantage to a girl to have an aunt that folks call crazy," she said. And then she vanished into the house, and returned in a moment with her hat, and took her way across the fields with a determined air.

"I don't know what she's up to, but it's something," soliloquized her father, looking after her with mild, meditative wonder. "Thar's a sight of business about the young folks now'days. She beats me, Lucilly does, and I guess Drusy ain't any match for her neither."

While the family were at breakfast next morning Ichabod Toosey appeared, and asked for Miss Drusy.

"I come to tell you, Miss Janes," said old Ichabod, speaking with some apparent difficulty, and with furtive glances about him, "that I'm a changed man. I've been a perfessor a good many years, but I expect I've jest begun to see the error of my ways. And 'tain't the sin alone, but I've been fetched to a realizin' sense that tobacco is underminin' my constitution. I ain't nigh so rugged as what I used to be."

"Why, why, Ichabod, you can't expect to be! You're almost ninety!" exclaimed Miss Drusy, in astonishment. "And you think so much of your little mite of tobacco. Won't it be hard for you to give it up?"

The old man's lips quivered childishly. "There is a sight of human nater about folks when they get to be 'most ninety," he said. "But rather'n hender and make trouble for them that's been kind to me—I mean"—old Ichabod hesitated, catching a glimpse of Lucilly's figure lingering within hearing—"I mean perfessors hadn't ought to use tobacco, ginerally speakin'; I've heard tell the minister thinks they hadn't; and if it *should* break up my health, I don' know what I should do; and—and if I should kind of miss it, why, I can go out in the shed and set and think of the gnawin's of them ar'tic explorers, and of them three Scriptooral characters in the fiery furnace, and that had ought to help me bear it."

"You sha'n't do it, Ichabod!" cried Miss Drusy, excitedly. "I know how it is about my tea. And nobody can make me believe that the Lord grudges his old folks a little mite of comfort like that in this vale of tears. Don't you let 'em make *you* believe it, Ichabod. And if you should be out and want to borrow a little, I've got a fresh lot, just the kind you like best. And you needn't be beholden a mite; you can pay it back when you get some."

A pitiful eagerness came into old Ichabod's faded eyes. "I hadn't ought to, Miss Janes—I know I hadn't ought to; but there's a sight of tiredness and unlikely thoughts that it keeps me from; folks don't know. But I'm kind of scairt about payin' it back. I hain't had a mite for three days, and I tried to keep from borrowin', because I'm an independent man. You know I be, don't you, Miss Janes? Times is so hard jest now; jobs is skurce"—the old man thrust his hands into his pockets and shook them, with no result but a great flapping of cloth (the poor-house keeper was a large man, and Ichabod a very small one)—"but come snow-shovellin' time—"

The wistful brightness of the old man's face stirred Miss Drusy's whole heart. "Don't you be a mite worried but what you'll pay; you always have. Come and get all you want between now and snow-shovellin', and then we'll square up."

Old Ichabod went away radiant, with his pocket full of the delectable "fine-cut." His scruples had vanished like morning dew. Fortunately Lucilly's loudly voiced opinion of "town's poor" escaped his dulled ears.

"I don't know as I really ought to have told him that he always paid up, but I don't believe he knows that he scants more'n half," said Miss Drusy.

"You're too feelin', Drusy! I calc'late it's makin' you stand in your own light," said Luther Janes. "If you're a-goin' to give up havin' the minister on account of them pensioners—"

"'Tisn't that altogether, Luther. As true as you live, it isn't. Martha Perigo came over last night and told me something I never knew before: Mr. Averill is so close-mouthed. His wife was Sar' Abby Kelton. Why, I used to go to school with her at Hebron Academy. I knew her, root and branch. I don't want to say anything against those that are dead and gone, and there wasn't anything *against* her, as you might say. Keltons were Keltons, and you couldn't expect anything different. I couldn't feel to marry Sar' Abby Kelton's husband. Maybe it *is* ridiculous. I don't expect a man would understand it, but a woman is very apt to judge a man by his women-folks. I'm glad Martha happened to come over last night, so I hadn't any hesitation about poor old Ichabod's tobacco. No, Luther, you can't be sure that I should have done just so anyway, because I ain't. I do feel happy to have it settled so comfortable. I hope he won't take it hard; and I don't believe he will. Sar' Abby Kelton's husband! There's one thing about it that worries me a little, and I can't help it, though I know it's mean-spirited and foolish—I'm afraid folks won't know I've had a chance."

TIJUCA.

I.—DE PROFUNDIS.

A DELL, deep in the hollow of the hills;
Full of all sweetest scents and sounds, I know;
Through bending grasses beautiful streams flow,
And lovely foliage all the garden fills.
Bright are the flowers; yet a deep dread kills
My joy in them. I like not dells; too low
Is this fair garden where sweet flowers grow.
A thirsty eagerness my spirit thrills
To seek the mountain-tops; a soul should dwell
Always upon the heights, where keen the air,
Not scented with this perfume all too sweet.
The sun has set already in the dell;
Yet see! it still is shining higher, where
With eager longing I would turn my feet!

II.—AUF DER HÖHE.

Tijuca a deep dell, too low for thee?
Nay, come with me close to its outer rim.
Look down. This pretty garden all too trim
To thy sick fancy, see how it may be
At once both low and high. Thou hast the key
To its security, while mountains grim,
To tempt thee higher, tower above its brim.
A thousand feet below us moans the sea;
A thousand feet below us moans and toils
The feverish city. Poor mistaken soul,
Thou hast both peace and hope! Let not thy heart
Cry out too quickly, wound in the dark coils
Of subtle Fate. Thou seest a nobler goal;
Already on the heights perchance thou art.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

TIJUCA, NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO.

A GALLANT ARMORER.

QUITE six feet tall, well built, looking, notwithstanding his fifty-nine years, still agile, and of that sparer build belonging to the Spanish race, is Antonio Williams, who is to-day armorer in the United States Navy, and now on duty in the corvette *Yantic*. Although the gale of the 21st of May broke into the larboard bulwark of the ship and made a wreck of everything there, the starboard compartment, on the deck, where the small arms are stored, escaped damage. The storm tumbled about the rifles and pistols Williams has under his charge, rusted locks and barrels, and so when the artist made a sketch of the armorer he was still engaged in oiling and furbishing that little arsenal allotted to a man-of-war. The portrait of this armorer is presented as that of a remarkably good and brave man, who, having passed through many perils, has always showed honorable conduct and pluck. Williams was born in Cadiz in 1830, his father having been a seaman before him. In 1845 he went to Cuba, and the same year left the island and became a sailmaker's apprentice in New York. While still a lad he was shanghaied, put on a whaler, served on her for two years, and was left on one of the Sandwich Islands by a rascally captain.

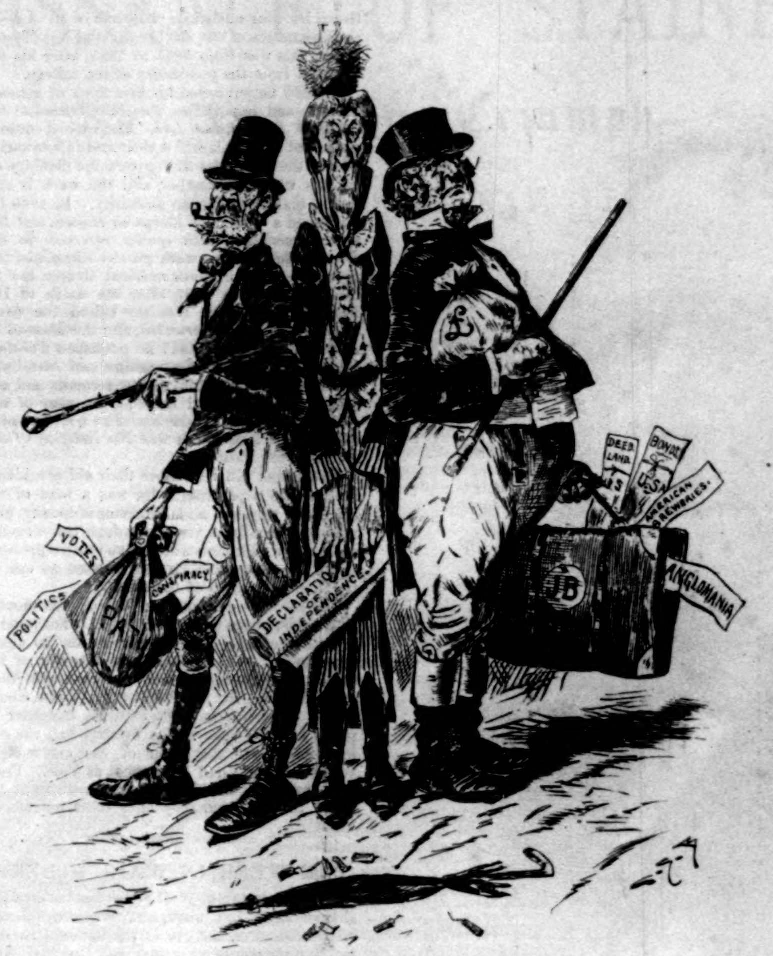
In 1865 Williams entered the United States Navy, and has remained in it ever since, his steady service commencing in 1869. Antonio is the recipient of the large gold medal, sent him in 1879 by the United States government for brave deeds while forming one of the crew of the unfortunate U.S.N. steamer *Huron*, wrecked off the coast of North Carolina on the 23d of November, 1877. The Secretary of the Navy, in sending the medal to Antonio Williams, wrote to him: "It is shown in evidence that upon that occasion, the wrecking of the U.S.N. steamer *Huron*, you gave up whatever chance of life a foothold upon the wrecked vessel offered by taking to the sea, with Ensign Young, on a small balsa in the attempt to carry a line to the shore for the relief of your ship-mates. The effort failed by the shortness of the line. Four times capsized on the balsa, and nearly drowned, you reached the shore, where, before you were clear of the undertow, and notwithstanding your bruises and worn condition, joining hands with your companion, you helped with him to haul two men out of the water, and afterward, joining hands with him again, and running back into the surf, hauled out two more. It is also shown that you rendered material assistance to the weak and exhausted men whom you had saved." Then the Secretary concludes, "For conduct so manly, and alike honorable to yourself and the navy, this is justly recognized by sending you the gold medal of the Life-saving Service." In addition to this distinction Williams received a bronze medal from the Naval Department.

Asking the armorer about this dreadful shipwreck, when out of the crew of the *Huron*, numbering 138 men, only 34 were saved, Williams's replies were very simple and straightforward.

"Did you think you would reach the shore?" was asked.

"Yes, I did; and every time the sea knocked me off the balsa I set my teeth the harder together, and made up my mind to do my best. You know what a sea can do with the *Yantic*. The sea off that coast of North Carolina would take me and throw me clear off of the balsa, and then I would have to get back again. I was very much battered and bruised, as was Mr. Young, but he was as brave as you ever find them. If we had only known that we were 300 yards from the shore we might have done better, but we could not see. It was pitch dark. I said to myself the wind and the sea must fetch us up somewheres near the shore, and we worked about three miles of a course on that balsa before we struck the beach, and we struck it hard, I tell you. Of course I must have been used up, but I didn't know it then. I was so glad Mr. Young was saved. I saw more work to do, and I forgot the pains in my back, where the seas, or a spar, or something struck me. I was three months in hospital before I got all over it. I never was a strong man after it; though my nerves were just as good as ever, but I tell you, sir, I do not want to see any more storms like that of the *Yantic* in May. I been to sea all my life, and that was the worst storm. I tell you what help us all, the easy way the officers took it. No fuss, no holloaing; they just pass orders through the captain; and then the crew was young and spry and jump like cats at the work to do, and they hung on it. I was by the captain. I see how nice he work the ship. He was a good officer. He knew just what to do; but I don't want to see anything of that kind again. That sea spoil all my guns. It rust them, and I have been trying to clean them up ever since."

Antonio Williams is the man, when it was thought that the *Yantic* would founder, who strapped on his medals, and declared that if he went down he would still carry his decorations for manly and honorable conduct about him. "That's the belt I put them in, and I wear it for three days—until the medals hurt my back. The sea make the bronze medal a little green, but the gold one is just as bright as when my adopted country give it me"—and then Antonio Williams took some oil on a rag and tried to polish off a very rusty rifle barrel.



A FOURTH OF JULY RETROSPECTION.

U. S. "Gosh! whose country is this, anyhow?"

SWEET-BRIERS.

WEAR I my lady's picture? Nay, not so.
When I anew her gracious face would know,
Down through the rain-washed meadow-lands I go
To where the wild sweet-briers bud and blow.
There, waiting silent in half-wakened morns,
Lo, my dear lady stands revealed to me.

Amid the dewy blooms herself I trace,
Both bend and waver with the same sweet grace,
The same shy flushes burn on each fair face,
And both do blossom in a sheltered place.
What say you, that "the brier rose hath thorns"?
Still holds the semblance, so in truth hath she.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

A COUNTRY ROAD.

YELLOW with dust it sleeps in noonday's glare,
Yellow with dust it stretches far away;
On the mossed wall the chipmunks frisk and play,
Where golden daisies broider all the air.
Now nature seems to dream 'mid fragrance rare,
For summer silence holds unbroken sway,
Till round the bend a creaking wain of hay
Comes lumbering down the drowsy thoroughfare.
Then all is still again; the orchard trees
Are motionless as the distant purple hills
On which the shadows of the white clouds rest,
When suddenly the white-flecked clover seas
All joyous tremble, while the bobolink trills
His wildest melodies with sweet unrest.

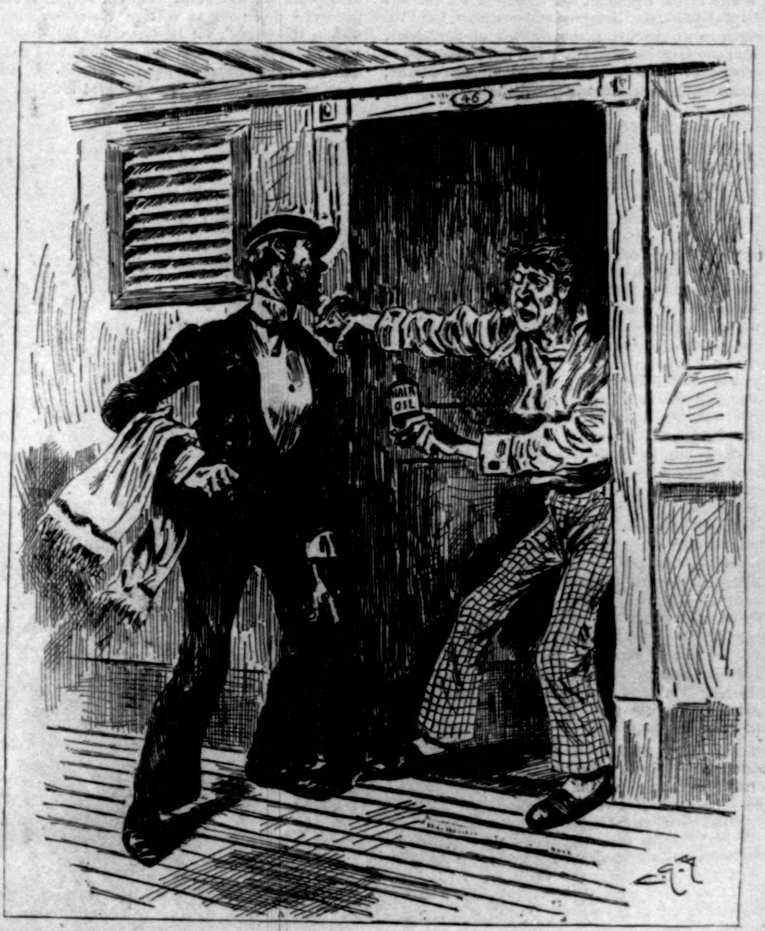
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

THE college Presidents to whom the old Yalensians look back with most love and veneration are the Dwights and those who are of them; and of all the teachers and governors that have come from that noted family, the old man who is just dead at the age of eighty-eight is the one whose name means most to the majority of the living alumni. Every year from 1871 until 1887 the graduates of Yale during Commencement week went to the ex-President's house, and heard a cheery word of welcome from the man who had spent a long life under the elms of New Haven. In 1888 he was too weak to meet his friends; and this year, after a hard twelve-month struggle, he is dead.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey was not only one of the great teachers of the day when denominationalism and education went together, but he was a liberal leader in a movement which has unshackled the intellectual work of the colleges, and has dignified the task of instruction. He and Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, preachers as they were, were teachers first. They were contemporaries, and distinctly different from their theological predecessors. Woolsey's nature was not chilled or warped by Puritan austerity. He loved his kind, and was a preacher of the gospel which lifts the gloom from human souls. The quality which made him a teacher rather than a theologian like the long line of his predecessors brought him closer in contact with the young and modern life of Yale, both graduate and undergraduate. The old traditions of the college had governed with a strong hand from its foundation by the ten ministers of the Connecticut colony in 1700 until nearly the middle of the present century. Ministers still rule the college, but the ministers who were educated under President Woolsey are not the mighty theologians that went before them.

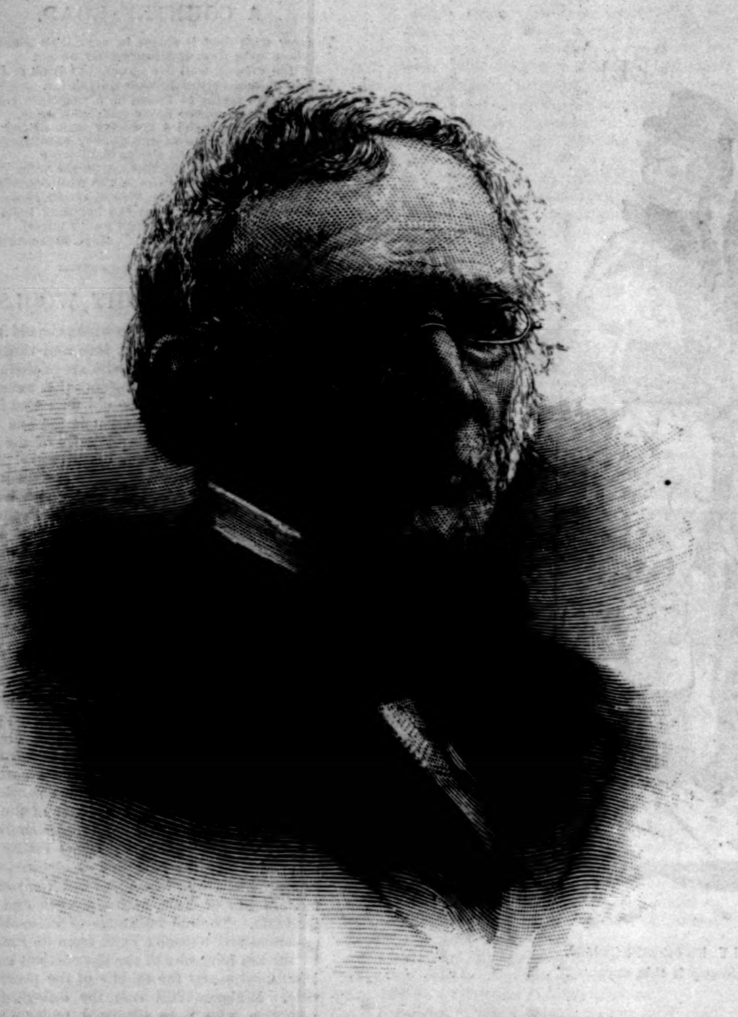
Dr. Woolsey was born in New York, October 31, 1801. His father was a merchant of the city; his mother was Elizabeth, the sister of Dr. Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale. When Woolsey was nineteen years old, in 1820, he was graduated. He was counted even then a great Greek, and after a year's study of law he put himself in training for the congenial career which had been marked out for him. He pursued theology at Princeton for two years, and then, in 1823, was appointed tutor at Yale. He was licensed to preach in 1825, but he never was the incumbent of any other pulpit than that of his college. He was destined for the Greek professorship, and in order to prepare himself for his duties, he



OIL ON THE WATERS.

STEWARD. "Did you ring, sir?"

SMITHKINS. "Wing! wather. Got an engagement on deck this morning with Miss Jenkins. Your infernal steamer wobbles wound so, I can't awange my hair. Take this bottle of oil to the captain and ask him to throw it overboard, and see if it won't get the Atlantic quiet enough for me to awange my toilet."



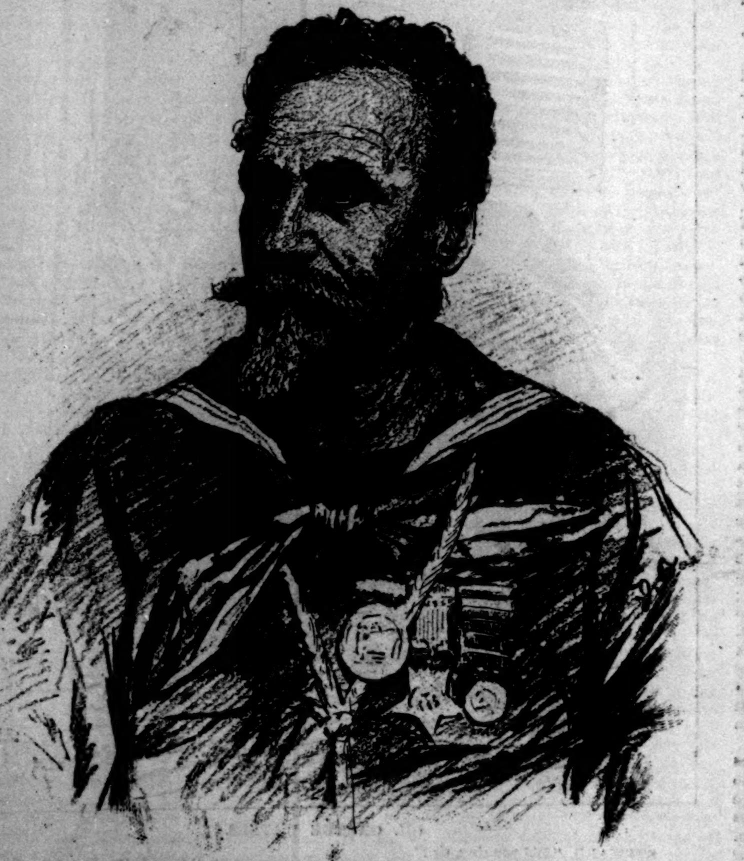
THE LATE REV. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D.D., LL.D., EX-PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.—From a Photograph by Pach.—[See Page 563.]

spent three years in studying and travelling in Germany, France, and Italy. During these journeyings he began the collection of his famous library of Greek literature, which he recently presented to the Yale library.

He was appointed to the chair of Greek in 1831, and within two years began his active literary work, which continued for half a century. Among his earlier students was Senator Evarts, who at an alumni dinner announced that President Woolsey and he knew more Greek than any other two men in the country. For fifteen years Woolsey devoted himself entirely to the Greek language and literature. He did not publish any original works in the language, but he edited the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Gorgias* of Plato. His notes were not so abundant as those made by more modern editors, but the text was accurate, and the Woolsey editions were the hand-books of the Greek plays in the most of American colleges.

In 1846, after a service of fifteen years in the Greek chair, Dr. Woolsey was made President of the college. His fame as an educator, and the affection with which he was regarded by the students under him, gave a great impetus to the institution. It was under Woolsey that Yale made its first strong steps toward becoming a university, and President Dwight's task is the lighter for the work that was accomplished by his predecessor.

After his election to the presidency, Dr. Woolsey's literary work became more original. His discourses on education and his sermons were generally delivered at college Commencements and in the chapel, but he especially delighted in writing on international law, political and social science, and on religious topics. He was not, however, to escape wholly from his first love, for his Greek learning made him chairman of the American Committee of the Revisers of the New Testament; this was from 1871 to 1881, after his retirement from the presidency of the college.



A NAVAL HERO—ANTONIO WILLIAMS, ARMORER U.S.S. "YANTIC."
From a Photograph by F. Pearsall.—[See Page 563.]

In 1860 he published his first work of general interest and importance, the *Introduction to the Study of International Law*. The revised edition, published in 1879, is still a clear and full enunciation of the principles that govern the dealings of nations with one another, and the work is not only a text-book, but an authority. In 1869 he published a volume of *Essays on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with special reference to the United States*. This work greatly stimulated the agitation for a uniform national divorce law in this country. In 1874, after the death of Dr. Francis Lieber, Dr. Woolsey edited the *Civil Liberty and Self-Government*, and the *Manual of Political Ethics*. In 1877 he published *Political Science*, and in 1880 *Communism and Socialism*. His first religious work, except sermons and addresses, was published in 1871, the year of his resignation of the presidency, after a service of a quarter of a century: it was *The Religion of the Past and the Future*.

Yalensians will remember their old president, however, as a preacher. He was a man of remarkable physical and intellectnal power and vitality, and this is visible through the sermons and college addresses which gave him his greatest fame. In his prime he was counted as one of the great preachers of the country.

Dr. Woolsey died on the first of this month. The end had been coming for a year. For several months the body, once remarkable for its vigor, grew to be so weak that some member of his family always accompanied the venerable man when he went for his daily walk. Three weeks before his death he went with his daughter to pay a farewell visit to the campus and the college buildings. Sixty-four of the eighty-eight years of his life had been spent at Yale. From the beginning of his freshman year until his death he had lived only nine years outside its walls.

THE WEEK IN WALL STREET.

The composure of Wall Street has been rudely shaken since last week, and Western railroad stocks closed on the eve of the national holiday two to three points lower than last Thursday, with Atchison down as much as 5¼ per cent. This is not due to the working of the money market, for there has been none of the stringency which was regarded as quite possible in passing from June to July. Demand loans on railroad collateral did not go above 5 per cent., and money was abundant yesterday afternoon at 3 per cent.; nor has there been any increase of caution on the part of money-lenders. The shipment of gold on Saturday was less than half of the preceding week, and foreign exchange has ruled easier, so that further gold shipments have scarcely entered into calculation. The decline began with what seemed to be an attack upon Atchison in Boston, accompanied by a renewal of old rumors that the road would soon pass into the hands of a receiver, and the sales have been continued in spite of assurances that these rumors were unfounded. It must, however, be said that money seems to have been more active in Boston than here, and this may have had something to do with the pressing for sale of this particular stock. The weakness of Atchison led to large sales of it by speculative holders, and this stock has gone before all others both in extent of decline and volume of transactions.

The difficulties among the St. Paul and Chicago railroads and the members of the Interstate Railway Association have also become sharper, if not actually greater, and Chicago operators have sold heavily for a decline, not without suspicions in this market that there has been concerted action between speculators and railroad officials. Such suspicions, however, are part of the stock in trade of Wall Street, and it is useless to dwell upon them in face of the known difficulties of the railroad problem in the regions traversed by the roads referred to. More important, for the moment, is the fact that the temper of the market has changed; from being high and hopeful, as it was a week ago, it has become critical and nervous, and discussions which scarcely ruffled it ten days since have this week seemed to it of great and fresh importance. Many causes, doubtless, have contributed to this sudden change of feeling; perhaps the weakness of Atchison more than any single thing, and the continuance of hot, damp weather in this city has certainly done something to make local speculators more susceptible to unfavorable news and rumors. The railroad difficulties themselves have been appreciated for some time, and those who are most directly charged with the task of adjusting them have not abandoned their labors, nor has the confidence of holders of stocks given way. The latest rumors yesterday were less bearish, and coming at the same time with the return of ease in money, they reminded people here that recovery is often as sudden as the decline. But the dulness of Wall Street has been dispelled, and by the familiar means of lower prices. The sympathetic decline in the rest of the market was quite moderate.

The dealings in trust stocks continue to be active, and indeed lead trust is the most active thing in the market. The public has not yet shown signs of wearying of this new variety of stock, though it is constantly reminded of the great opportunities afforded to insiders to realize handsomely in cash upon their properties. With all the drawbacks incident to stocks of which the amount is not officially certified, the speculative public has found a congenial employment in buying and selling the trusts, in which they believe there is both intrinsic value and a profitable business carried on. One more has been added to this group—the American Cattle Trust—and an examination of the assets reported by this concern will show that the current quotation of the stock, about 18, represents a quite conservative valuation of them. The sugar refineries stock has fluctuated between 123¼ and 112, closing at 117½, its natural fluctuations having been exaggerated in the fall to 112 by rumor of an adverse decision by the General Term of the Supreme Court in the case of one of its affiliated companies. The decision is not out yet, and if unfavorable, will doubtless be appealed; but court decisions and lawsuits are to the trust stocks what railroad associations and conferences are to the railroad stocks; they furnish speculators with the means of starting rumors to affect prices, and such rumors will be used from time to time, so long as they are found to be effective.

Notwithstanding the railroad disputes at the West, with consequent reductions of rates, general trade looks well, and the crops promise to be very satisfactory. Trade reports are in most departments good, and there is general expectation of a profitable business this fall. The development of the country, South as well as West, continues without check, and everything points to an active demand for money before long. The recent exports of gold, about $20,000,000 in the five weeks ending with June 29th, have left the New York banks with a surplus reserve of about $7,600,000, which is little more than a third of what it was last year, but double the surplus of 1887. The figures are low enough to make bankers thoughtful, and to turn attention once more to the idle hoard in the Treasury, which now amounts to $70,000,000, in addition to some $78,000,000 held for redemption of bank-notes surrendered. For the moment money is easy, but no one can say how suddenly it will become dearer when the crops begin to move. The Treasury is watched by every one interested in financial matters, as it has been for so many years, and the usual hope is indulged that it will make its disbursements timely as well as liberal. Is this reasonable hope to be disappointed?

H. J. Macdonald.

New York, *Thursday, July* 4, 1889.

THREE REBELLIONS A DAY.

Three rebellions, obstinate, though bloodless, occur in the stomach of the dyspeptic who partakes of food thrice a day. The digestive organ refuses on each occasion to perform the duty assigned to it by nature, and trouble ensues. How discipline, how regulate it? Simply with a wineglassful of the genial invigorant and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, before each meal and before retiring. Digestion will, after a course of this pleasant regulator, become easy, and its forerunner, appetite, also improve. Nervousness and insomnia, always induced by chronic dyspepsia, will disappear with *its* disappearance thus insured, and constipation and biliousness, its usual attendants, also take their leave. Not only will the system acquire strength, but also substance by a more perfect assimilation of the food. Rheumatism, malarial and kidney complaint, and neuralgia yield to the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Imperial Granum.—The safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. A nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

All danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Until the blood is cleansed of impurities, it is useless to attempt the cure of any disease. Rheumatism, which is traceable to an acid in the blood, has been cured, in numerous cases, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, external treatment being of no avail.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space	15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space	20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space	25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*	

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE RENAISSANCE OF STAINED GLASS.

An American Triumph.

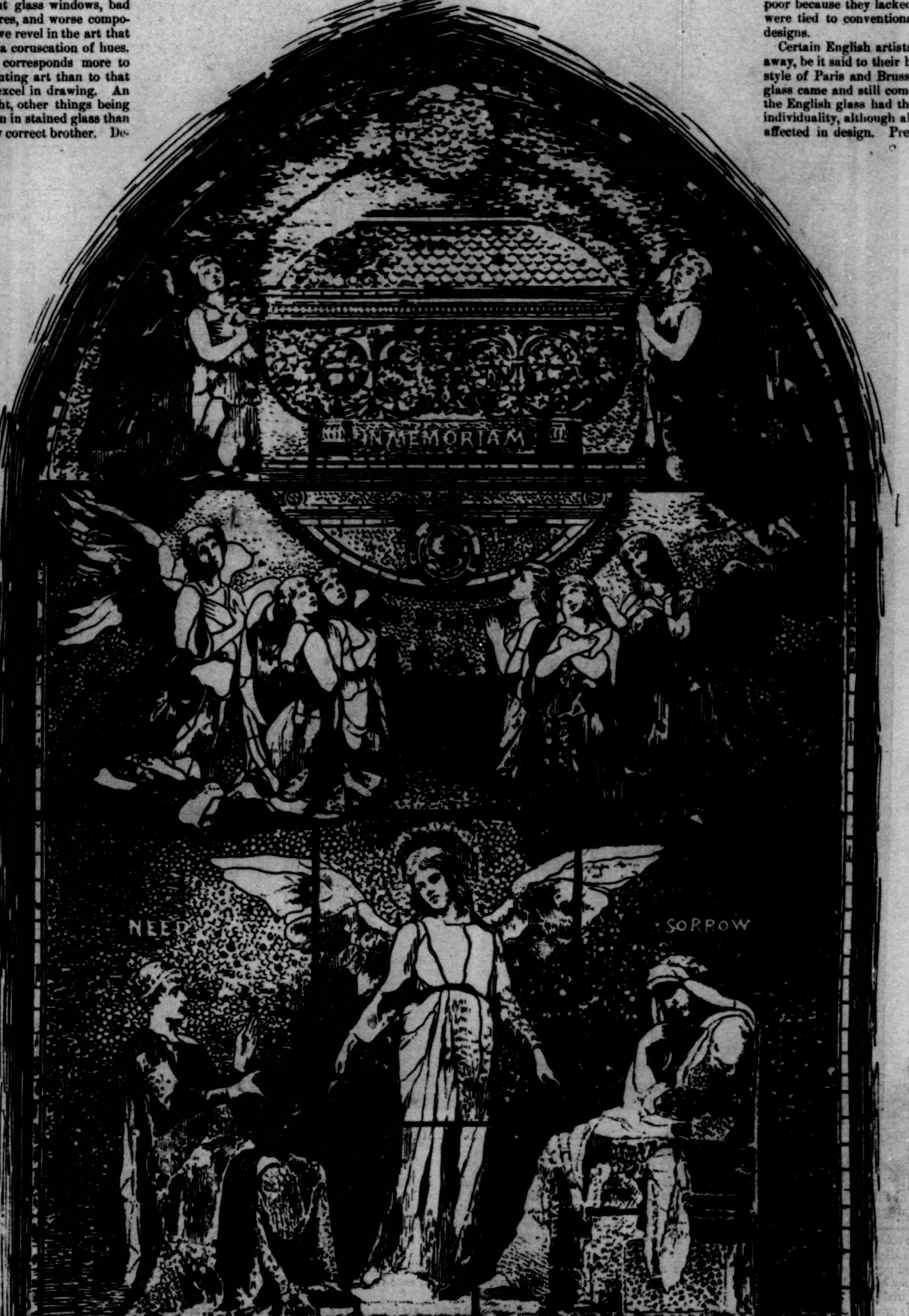
BY CHARLES DE KAY.

WERE one to analyze the pleasure that falls, like gentle music on the ears, into the eyes that regard a window of stained glass of the best quality, for a certainty the greater part of that pleasure would be found in the colors. There is an effort in examining the subject of a window; the discovery that very fine drawing is there does not quicken the pulse. For composition the field is restricted; but I question whether the artist who shows great cleverness in disposing his figures on that field is really thanked. The sensuous impression of rich or beautifully clear colors overweighs all other considerations to such an extent that in some cases, particularly in ancient glass windows, bad drawing, even distorted figures, and worse composition, go unrebuked, while we revel in the art that turns the bare daylight into a coruscation of hues.

Stained glass, therefore, corresponds more to the colorist wing of the painting art than to that composed of painters who excel in drawing. An artist who is a colorist ought, other things being equal, to be a better workman in stained glass than his colder, more scientifically correct brother. Delacroix and Monticelli might have excelled in the art, when Ingres and Bouguereau would not have reached the level demanded by connoisseurs. But, as a matter of fact, the workmen or artists who have striven to uphold this important branch of the fine arts in Europe during the present century have not had that instinctive love for color, that natural and often irrational pleasure in the use of rich and brilliant hues which is commonly meant by the term colorist. None of them have used the colors of glass as a tone-master uses music. Indeed, the colorist in his extreme example is a rather recent product of the arts, for never heretofore have artists reached fame with so little attention to form, so much insistence on color, as Delacroix, Diaz, Monticelli for Europe, La Farge, Whistler, Albert Ryder for America. When, prior to this age, has an artist dared, as Whistler has, to exhibit simple notes of unblended color side by side like his famous "nocturnes" in black and gold, silver and gray, and so forth? We see by this, therefore, that the age has been preparing itself for some departure from old precedents in those branches of the fine arts which especially favor color and the colorist.

The traveller who takes with him the gift of appreciation is like to find his heart beating fast when he sets foot in a town like Chartres, Its old walls yet visible in spots; its sluggish river, over which lean the washerwomen from quaint sheds green and yellow with moss and lichens; its steep streets and views across the fertile plains of the heart of France, are by themselves worthy of leisurely enjoyment. But the cathedral and other churches of Chartres draw one from the town itself. And, once in the cathedral, it is the stained glass that holds the eye and enraptures the soul. Haarlem may boast its amazing organ, Amsterdam its old masters, St. Peter's the mighty wall spaces incrusted with mosaics; but Chartres can also smile secure while it realizes the glories of its historic past and the glories of its surviving windows.

The cathedral has 146 windows, containing some 1400 subjects; other sanctuaries in the charming old town have fine glass in plenty. Rouen, Rheims, Caen, Poitiers, Tours, Auxerre, Clermont have more or less glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. No other country has such a display. If there is any soundness in the reasoning that the place where most of a given kind of art survives is likely, in the absence of proof of its former existence in greater quantity elsewhere, to be the home of its original development, it is plain that northern France and the French Netherlands must be the home of stained glass.


IN MEMORIAM
NEED
SORROW
IN MEMOR Y OF HELEN ANGIER AMES

MEMORIAL WINDOW OF HELEN ANGIER AMES IN THE CHURCH AT NORTH EASTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—By John La Farge.

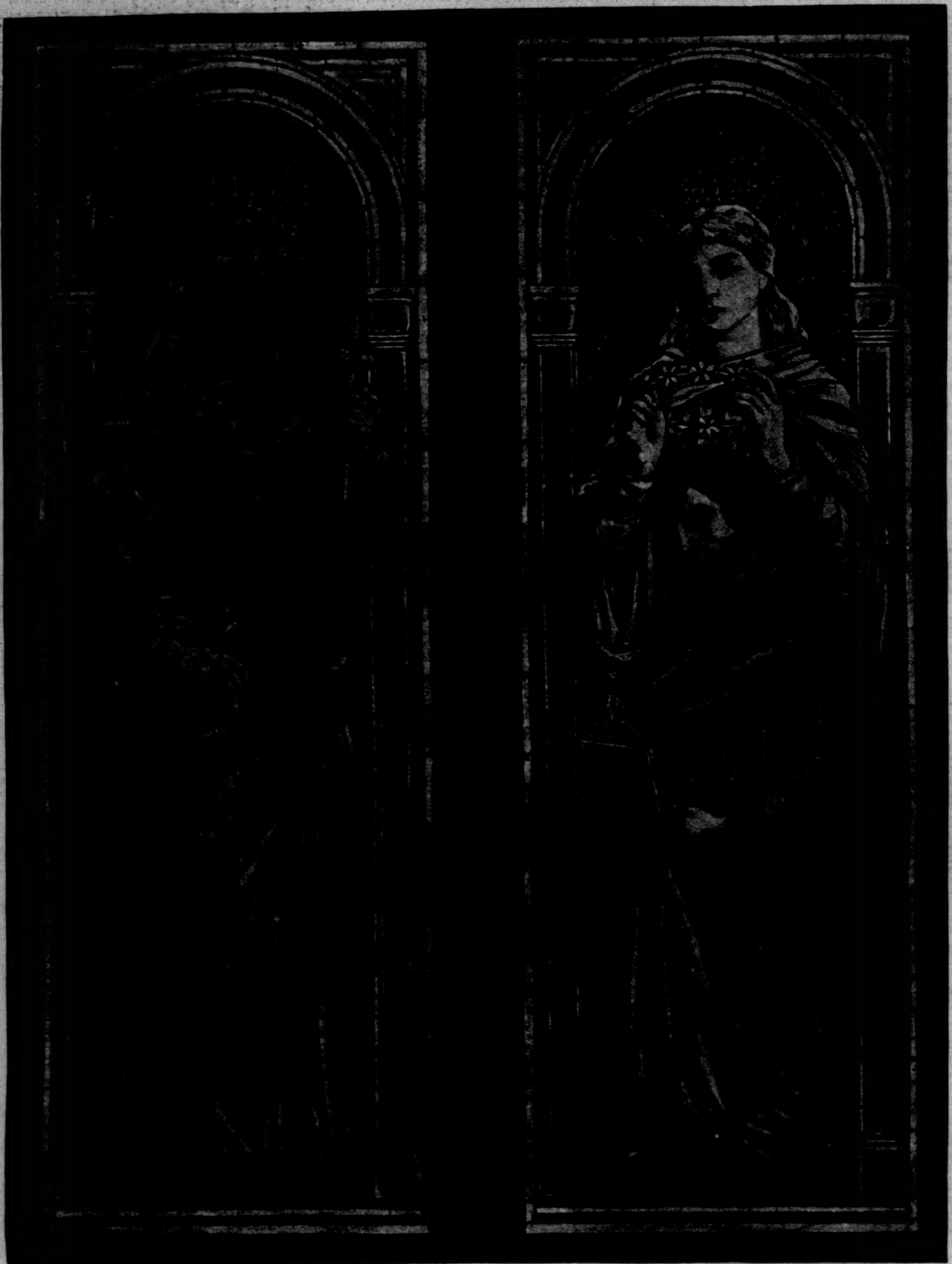
Were, then, the makers of the lovely windows of Chartres and her sister cathedrals colorists? Assuredly they were, but not such colorists as we have to-day. Their work has a grand simplicity, a naïveté that is touching, but it affects one like the music of certain old composers, which is indeed rich after a fashion, as compared with other old music, but was made for instruments of small compass or an orchestra of few pieces, and cannot be fairly compared with the splendid results of modern masters. Thirty years ago Didron and Lafaye, of Paris, offered so much finer glass than ordinary makers that English and American firms imitated them as soon as the Paris Exposition brought the workmen of the different nations in contact. In this country, until a few years ago, churches were content to buy crude imitations of poor work by these learned men; poor because they lacked the sense of color, and were tied to conventional imitations of the old designs.

Certain English artists were the first to break away, be it said to their honor, from the juiceless style of Paris and Brussels. From them much glass came and still comes to America. At first the English glass had the merit of boldness and individuality, although always weak in color and affected in design. Previous to Rossetti, awkward figures and expressions that reflected a certain rudeness and disdain were common in English windows; after the pre-Raphaelite movement a breath of genuine art blew for a little, and stained glass felt the reviving influence. So far as the United States is concerned, however, the vitality of the British movement exhausted itself long before it reached our shores. We have suffered from the driest, stiffest work from France and Belgium, the most affected and juiceless products of English workmen in glass.

Such, however, is the respect of the Protestant clergy of the United States for art work admired in England, such the zeal of their Catholic brethren in Christ for art work popular in Belgium and Italy, that native artists of the highest merit found it hard to obtain a foothold in churches where these conscientious but wearisome products of Europe fill window after window. They remind one of the religious pictures on copper destined for Mexico and South America, which used to be fabricated in vast quantities at Madrid for export to the benighted Indies. Making exception of the windows from Mr. W. Morris, there is no individuality to them; one sees that they can be ordered by the gross. They add nothing to the artistic impression of the services. None of them delight nor soften the worshipper; they are powerless to lead men by way of the refinements that address the nobler senses to that religious calm filled with a glow which sensitive people experience before the old glass made by the little masters of Europe.

Why—such was the question that forced itself upon me as I once stood in Chartres—cannot the makers in the present century equal the work of the grand period of stained glass when they have the advantages of a much larger palette of colors, when the chemical reactions of pigments under heat are far better known, the glass itself infinitely purer, the materials for making it far more abundant and varied, the science of painting and the laws of perspective more thoroughly published? Shall we agree with Professor Edmond Lévy, of Rouen, that no one can produce art fit for ecclesiastical buildings whose character is not level with the spiritual ideal attributed to Fra Angelico? The rudeness and irreligion of the centuries that produced the glass forbid. The lives of the makers of cathedrals forbid, of the men who carved the statuary that clothes their porches, doorways, and façades like colossal lace. That amiable theory is naught before the opposition they made to Churchmen, nay, before the rank paganism of artists and artisans of all Christian ages, not excluding our own, but more particularly of the period under discussion. Standing in the vast nave watching the wonderful rose-window as the sun's position changes, the conviction comes that the men who wrought in glass were indeed greater artists, but not necessarily souls of deeper religious fervor, than their descendants in Europe to-day.

At that time I had not studied what Americans were doing in stained glass, and did not dream that in order to find men who approach the old glass-painters in worth I had merely to return to my native land.


Copyright by Francis Lathrop.

THE GODDARD MEMORIAL WINDOW IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.—By Francis Lathrop.

A veritable renaissance has occurred in the United States quietly and by normal means, which is fully as defined as the advance of engraving on wood, though naturally less understood. Whereas the engraving is by the nature of its existence a popular, wide-spreading art carried to every hamlet and farm-house by the magazines, the stained glass window cannot be reproduced so as to show its chief and vital qualities. Even a colored print of it would be a makeshift. It has not the chance of oil-painting—to be carried from city to city on canvas, and thus appear before new audiences to tell what story it may have. Nor is it likely that museums of the fine arts will ever show much stained glass in this country, owing to the necessity they are under of getting all the light they can for their other collections. In Rouen, it is true, the charming little museum has given shelter to some curious old windows depicting the tragic legend of "Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter." As the Scottish ballad has it:

> "She's led him in through ae dark door,
> And sae has she through mine;
> She's laid him on a dressing-table,
> And stickit him like a swine."

But in Rouen the museum has been established in an old monastery, and some window spaces in the cloisters can be used without detriment to the light. Alas! we have no old monasteries short of California. It would not be so with us. No, the stained glass window goes into the church or luxurious dwelling to live its individual life, seen only by a limited number of people. Hence the little stir that has been made about American glass. Unless their attention is directed to them by persons who know what has been accomplished here and where the windows are, foreign observers may live for a long time among us without becoming aware of our claims in stained glass—supposing always that they are of sufficient knowledge and fairness to appreciate what they see. As a rule, they are accustomed to the crude color of Bavarian, Belgian, and French modern glass, or to the sad, ineffectual glass of England, and are not capable of understanding our advance. Exceptions to the rule exist, however, and they have admitted that Europe offers nothing to compare with the product of our shops.

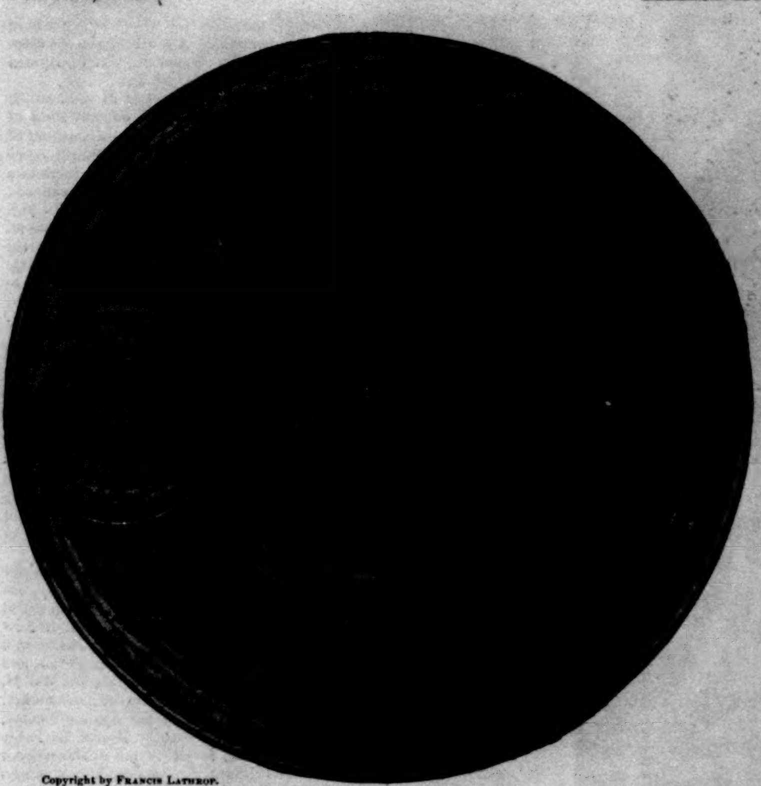
Be it noted that the greatest success has attended the efforts of that artist who is the greatest colorist in the band of earnest workers striving after perfection in this beautiful art. Thus it will hardly be challenged that as a colorist John La Farge is first in America—if, indeed, any European can be placed beside him.

The rose-window in the dining-hall of the Union League Club, the glass in the hall and on the stairway of the late W. H. Vanderbilt's house, several windows in the southern wall of the Church of the Ascension, Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, the glorious effects of the window at North Easton, Mass., in memory of Helen Ames, which was shown in New York, are sufficient to place Mr. La Farge at the head of our fast-increasing body of window-designers. To appreciate the force of Louis C. Tiffany as a colorist, it is necessary to see the window at Norwich, Conn., in the house of Mr. W. A. Slater, though churches and chapels in New York and New Jersey offer windows by him which are only second to this in richness of color. The glass by Mr. Francis Lathrop is only part of the decorative work which he furnishes, but what there is places him a good third in the race for fame as a window-colorist. Especially clever is the Christ for Bethesda Chapel, Saratoga, in which Mr. Lathrop has treated the rays of light spreading out and downward from the figure with great skill, originating a new way of dealing with our brilliant American glass, while retaining what is fine in the simple ancient windows. He has hit very happily a mean, having kept the broad, simple, restful effects of the old without losing the spirit of the new. When we examine the work of artists of distinction who are not by nature colorists, we see the difference. The exquisite feeling for the figure and for the loveliness of the antique shown by Mr. Will H. Low is not of avail when it comes to stained glass. In the gracious Madonna and Bambino for Rock Creek Church, Washington, one recognizes his art, but finds that he belongs to the comradery of the shoemaker who goes beyond his last. In him we see the difference between an artist in black and white, water-colors, oils, and the artist in color, who uses glass with ease to express his feeling in a special art.

That the ancient Romans used glass for windows is likely enough, for remains in Pompeii and on Roman villa sites in Great Britain attest the fact. But its quality was poor and its use rare at the very time that vases, dishes, and goblets of a very high degree of art were apparently part of every luxurious household. Such as was used for windows in the cold countries subject to the Romans, instead of mica or talc-stone, must have been supplied by ordinary workmen from small benches. Its poor quality adhered to it down to the Middle Ages, when glass-making rose in Venice and northern France. In primitive times men applied to the decoration of their persons art work of which no artistic jeweller of to-day, were it his, need be ashamed. Mosaic, enamel, glass of rich colors, gems, and jewels of crystal or imitations thereof went to the making of a man's gear. When stained glass was needed for the adornment of churches, and at the same time the edification of the unlearned by the stories told through its aid, it might have been expected that artists in the decoration of small objects would carry their gems and thick brilliant pieces of glass into windows. Some such *a priori* reasoning as this accounts for the fixed idea that mosaic gave rise to stained glass for windows. But instead of a thick jewelly glass the master glaziers produced a flat transparent material tinged with green or blue in very few tones, which were altered to suit by the free use of paint. Supporting bars and leads for outlines were usually very heavy. The pieces were small and the leads often ran across important parts, such as the backs of heads. Ancient windows are therefore not so legitimate, not so developed in their handling, as the best American, nor are they so rich in color, nor so durable. In this country far more glass is used stained to the right color for the needs of the picture. What makes some old glass so fine is the color sense of the artists, or, in some cases, the softening effects of the atmosphere acting upon the surface of the glass during centuries, minute hollows being caused by a subtle disintegration of the outer parts. The poor quality of the original glass had something to do with the color it took, a finer kind having more brilliancy but less softness of tone.

A purist may object to setting glass behind glass because it was little done, if at all, by the artists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but especially in our climate, where there is little cloud or fog, and with our methods of building, which give large space to windows, the darkening that results from this method is not a loss when compared with the gain in depth of tone. On the contrary, it is often difficult to get the glass dark enough. American artists in glass also search the foundry for wrinkled, striated, convoluted, and unevenly colored pieces, having learned how often a glass-man's mistake can be adapted to some problem in forming a picture; they also experiment so as to gain pieces of glass with one color shading from a deep to a light tone, or more than one gradually merging together. The fold of a robe, a bit of landscape, a shadow, may be hit exactly by some such "fluke," just as it is said many of the most prized colors in ceramics are due to miscalculations in the heat of a kiln or length of cooking. Taking a hint from the decorative work on boxes and jewelry of the early Middle Ages, our artists have produced marvellously rich effects in windows by breaking balls of colored glass with the hammer and fixing the shattered fragments in lead, so as to get the reflections of their angles, as in jewels cut by the lapidary. The boldness and success of American glass-painters, as they are still often called for want of a better term, are very remarkable, and have been by no means admired at home or abroad as deserved. Their products are heavy, bulky, and difficult to exhibit, so that the great public of picture-gazers sees little of them. Yet if we may judge by the expressions of profound surprise and admiration uttered by a number of European artists who have visited our country, when shown some of our work in this line, there must be at least a strong chance that the United States will get in Paris more praise for glass than for sculpture or oil-painting. France is still the first of all lands for the quality, quantity, and value of its art products, still the country where prejudices once removed allow of a broad and generous treatment of the work of foreign-born artists. To conquer the praise of Frenchmen is to gain a passport to the good-will of connoisseurs in every quarter of the globe.

The reviewer of stained glass for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*



Copyright by Francis Lathrop.

MEMORIAL WINDOW IN CHURCH AT OCEANIC, NEW JERSEY.—By Francis Lathrop.

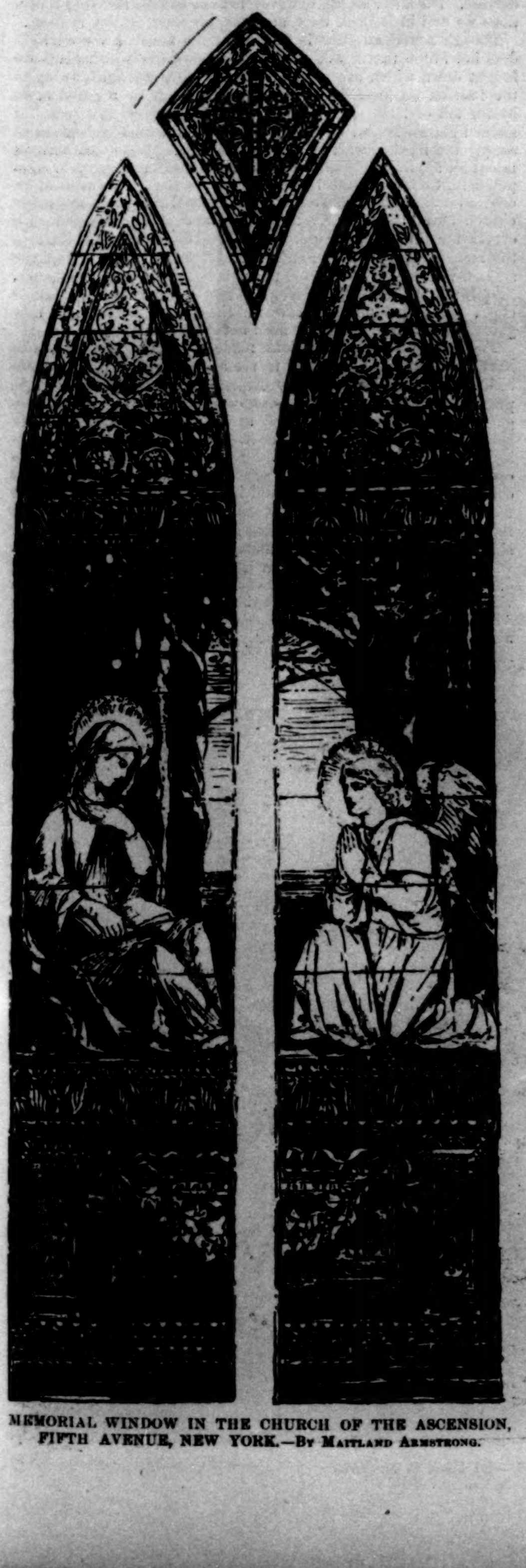
strives hard to give Italy the credit of first producing windows of high artistic worth. Yet France and Flanders are the countries in which they first appeared; northern France is still the land where the most and the best old glass is found. It would be difficult to show for Italy so early a date as A.D. 450, the year in which Saint Patient built at Lyons a church with green and sapphire glass in the windows. At all periods Italian stained windows appear inferior to French. When the duomo at Florence approached completion, glassmen were imported from the North to give it the touch of magnificence that comes when light and sombre colors, wisely mingled in fine designs, are filtered into the church from the white light of the sky or the yellow of the sun. How came it that a land pre-eminent for artists and a city where geniuses in the arts abounded should have looked to the North for aid in any particular? Because the use of glass in windows was a Northern custom based on Northern needs. In the Levant, in Italy, men are not so bitterly assailed by cold that they are forced to seal the apertures of their public buildings which let in light. A climatic reason made France, if not invent the window-pane, at least make it a commonplace; a climatic reason gave to France, far behind Italy in sculpture, oil, and fresco at that epoch, the honor of pre-eminence in stained glass.

The early churches in the Levant and Italy used glass in mosaics, but rarely, if ever, in the form of panes. In Dalmatia a number of basilicas have escaped the restorations under which San Marco, in Venice, has suffered. In the duomo at Parenzo the keen eye of Mr. T. G. Jackson noted the neglect by the architects of openings for windows, and in his recent delightful volumes on Dalmatia remarks: "It was to the walls, and not, as in later ages and more Northern styles, to the windows, that the architect desired to attract the eye." He fortunately noted a number of cases in these old buildings, erected by Byzantine masters and decorated even more beautifully than the famed churches of Ravenna, where the original windows have been discovered walled up. These windows are small, and show no trace of having been glazed at any period. On the contrary, they were filled with open-work tracery of a strong but charming pattern, either carved from a slab of stone or moulded from some kind of concrete. At Arbe there are no windows in the apse, but pierced slabs, "which served instead of glazing or tracery in early Dalmatian churches." Two of the original windows in the apse of San Lorenzo in Pasenatico are "filled with a slab of stone three inches thick, carved with a Romanesque pattern of interlacing circles, of which the intervals are pierced to admit light. There was evidently no idea of glazing these openings."

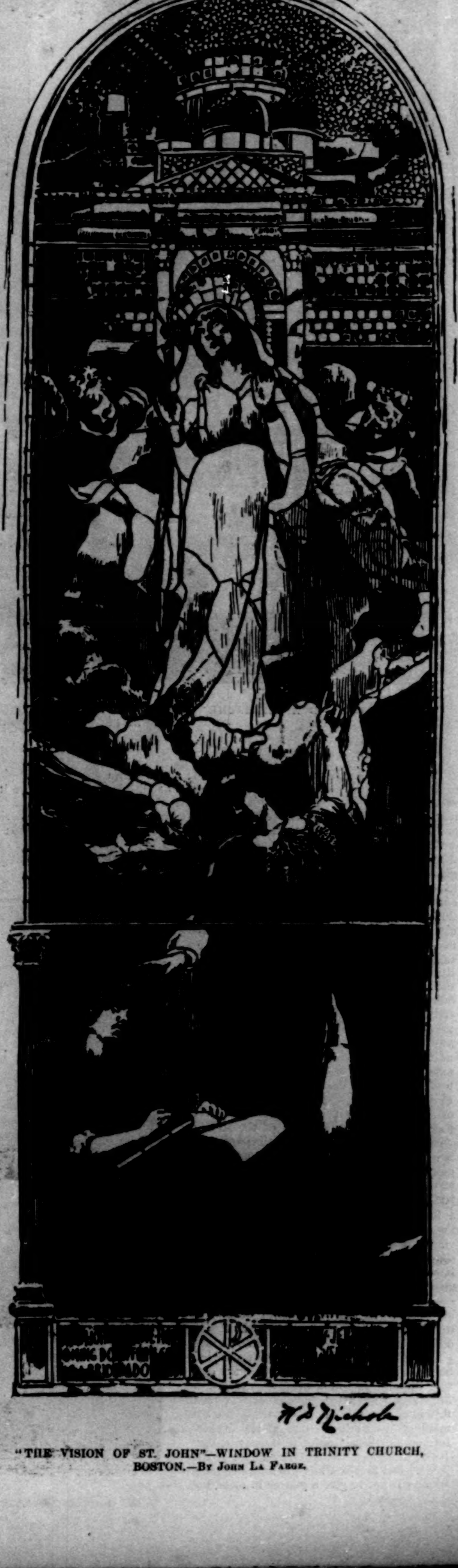
But in more rigorous climates, where light and warmth rather than shade and coolness were desired, the window-pane of some material or other must always have existed; when wealth accumulated it received decoration along with the rest of the building; and under the fosterage of the Church of the Middle Ages the stained glass window came into being with the splendor and poetic force of color which we still find at Chartres. The land that was content before with panes of bladder, oiled linen, parchment, mica, and translucent stone, substituted for such primitive windows a glass inferior in quality to that of to-day, but stained with all the art of little masters of color.

Those who suggest mosaic as the origin of stained glass by a transfer of decoration from wall to window would perhaps acknowledge themselves on the wrong track if they examined the record embedded in the languages. *Musivum*, from which we get mosaic by a mistake of Moses for Muses, harks back to the nymphs of mythology who presided over many of the arts. It betrays its classic origin. Not so the word glass. In Germany, Great Britain, and France the common word does not come from the Latin, but from the Celtic. Like *musivum*, it is an adjective which now serves as a noun, but its primitive meaning is not found in mythology, for it means a color. Thin slabs of stone, which we still find perforated but not glazed in the Dalmatian churches that belong to the age of Justinian, took in cold countries the place of more primitive and perishable window-panes. And just as the primitive glass-makers of the Mediterranean imitated in glass both jewels and cups of rock-crystal, so the artisans of the Middle Ages in France imitated with glass the window-slabs of stone. The Germans get their term *Glas* as a loan word from the Gauls; the French their *glace* from the same source; we our *glass* through the Anglo-Saxon from the British. The original meaning in Celtic is preserved in the Irish *glas*—pale green-blue, a favorite term among poets for the ocean. It is true that French has another word, *verre*, which comes from the Latin, but this term appears to have entered Gaul at first with the drinking-cups and other admirable products of Italy, which were not for windows but the use of the household. The Welch get their *wydyr* from the same source, namely, Latin *vitrum*. There is reason to believe that the word "glass" was once used as an adjective to specify the kind of stone used in the primitive windows of western Europe, and at that time defined the stone as colored of a pale greenish or bluish tint.

Had the Gauls imported Italian window-glass, it could hardly have failed to come about that the rest of western Europe would have used a word from Latin or Greek. From Germany, Scandinavia, Ireland, and Great Britain we do not get sufficient indications of glass factories in ancient times to warrant us in supposing that these lands fabricated the material to any degree worth noting before the fall of the Roman Empire, but everything points to northern France as an early centre of the art. So that when Colbert founded glass factories in Normandy and at Paris with workmen stolen from the Murano shops of Venice, he was only reviving an industry which once flourished in the same region under the encouragement of the Churchmen. During that revival a nobleman who put capital in glass-making, or worked with his own hands at the furnace, lost none of his nobility. He wore his sword and hat with the best; his dogs were cared for by his employer; and for the evening meal he had the right to claim a place at that master's table. It was by such wise ordinances, suited to the prejudices of the times, that Colbert sought to engage educated men in the artistic production of glass. The United States freed themselves from a feudal system which came across the Atlantic with the settlers, and held on in many places till the Revolution. Colbert's idea is being realized now, when artists of good birth, education, and social distinction do not think themselves degraded by the workshop, and have turned their attention more especially to that art of the glass-maker once placed by Colbert on such a high plane in France.



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—By Maitland Armstrong.



"THE VISION OF ST. JOHN"—WINDOW IN TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.—By John La Farge.